

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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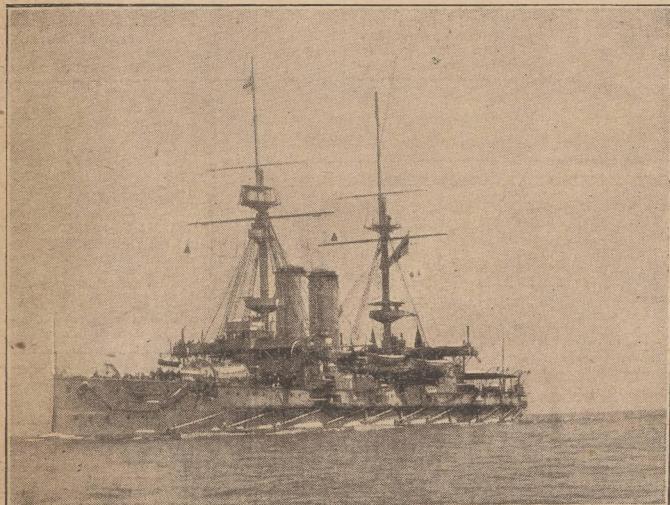
TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

FRENCH FLEET'S ROYAL WELCOME TO THE SOLENT.



Unique photograph of King Edward as coxswain. The photograph was taken at Cowes, where his Majesty is now staying on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert in order to act as host-in-chief to the officers and men of the French Northern Squadron.



H.M.S. Exmouth, flagship of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, commanding the British Fleet assembled to greet Admiral Caillard's squadron from France. The Exmouth is one of the most powerful battleships in the world.



Battery of guns at the Royal Yacht Squadron's headquarters at Cowes firing the salute to Vice-Admiral Caillard's flag on the arrival of the French Fleet yesterday.

VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

England Welcomes Arrival of Our Guests.

BRILLIANT SCENES.

Thousands of Spectators Watch the Pageant.

VISITS TO THE KING.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Monday Night.—The French visitors arrived this afternoon amid a blaze of enthusiasm probably not equalled in Portsmouth for a century past.

Everything was brilliant save the weather. That was quite English—a little sullen at first, but beaming afterwards. In the early morning there was gloom in the skies, as there is in the face of the average Englishman before you have thoroughly made his acquaintance. But after an hour or two a smile broke out over the face of Heaven, in a little while it broadened to a genial laugh, and when the French Armada arrived there was positively sunshine.

Many gallant Frenchmen on the warships wondered. This was England, and there was no fog!

There were thousands of people on Southsea Common, on the Portsmouth side, and on all kinds of craft, as the great fleet, gliding with majestic slowness, steamed past about one o'clock. In the van lay the vast hull of the Massena (named after one of France's greatest generals in the Peninsular war), carrying Vice-Admiral Caillard, commodore of the French Northern Squadron.

A SPLENDID SIGHT.

After her came the Jauréguiberry, with great fighting-tops almost like small castles; then the Bouvines, carrying the flag of a rear-admiral; the Gloire, the third flagship, also flying the flag of a rear-admiral, lay a few cables' length behind, two smaller battleships separating her from the Bouvine. Then came the cruiser and the mosquito craft.

It was a magnificent sight—a fleet that did credit to great naval Power. Spectators on the excursion boats which had followed the fleet from the Nab lighthouse, cheered till they were hoarse as the vast masses, keeping their distances splendidly, moved slowly on to their anchorage.

The King was watching the stately pageant from the deck of the royal yacht.

At last the fleet came to a stop. Up to the high foremast head of the Massena fluttered the Union Jack. Suddenly a roar of artillery rent the air. From the sides of the Massena and the other battleships darted tongues of flame and smoke. A hundred and one times the guns thundered forth in honour of the presence of King Edward, the father of the entente cordiale. There was a brief pause, but the spectators' ears had hardly got used to the silence when the roar was renewed. It was a salvo of twenty-one guns in honour of the British flag.

CEREMONIAL VISIT.

The Exmouth, Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson's flagship, replied gun by gun, flying the tricolour of France at the same time.

Then there was more firing in honour of the admirals and vice-admirals.

After the cannonading and playing of the National Anthem and "Marseillaise" had ceased—it took a good while, to the delight of the public—the round of ceremonial visits began, the first being that of the French Admiral and captains to the King.

Last night Admiral Caillard and the principal officers had the honour of dining with His Majesty on the royal yacht, and for the spectators there was the fine spectacle of an illuminated fleet and a great display of fireworks.

The scenes in the streets of Portsmouth to-day were extraordinarily animated.

HOW FRANCE REGARDS IT.

PARIS, Monday.—The "Matin" says: "This visit is more than a banal exchange of courtesies. It is a striking mark of the great goodwill that the two nations profess for one another. The rapprochement is of great importance at the present moment. In America it is regarded with goodwill and interest, it being thought that this entente cordiale between two peoples may become a powerful union between three nations."

The Cows correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" telegraphs: "The grand demonstration that is being prepared is significant for each of the two countries. It is not only an easy flourish added

to the signature of the act of reconciliation of the two countries, which have too long been separated; it is, above all, a striking affirmation of a lasting friendship. That is how it is understood here, and in the marvellous spectacle of the two combined squadrons of the two most powerful navies in the world—which in two days may be contemplated in the Solent—more will be seen than a mark of courtesy and goodwill."—Reuter.

DECEPTIVE FLAGS.

Signify Presence of Monarchs, Warships, and the Plague in London Streets.

If the crowds of sightseers who will this week gaze at the decorations for the French naval visit understand the language of flags they would be greatly perplexed.

An initiated person walking up Queen Victoria-street yesterday would have come to the conclusion that there were two King Edwards VII., the one at Cowes, and another in a business house in the City.

In fact, if the flags are to be believed, there are several King Edwards in London to-day. Also there are warships and plague-stricken houses in the streets.

The Royal Standard means "The King (or a member of his family) is present."

The white ensign denotes the presence of a man-of-war—or a yacht of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

"Keep away. We are plague-stricken," "This is a military station," "We are mutineers," "Cruisers engage," are other signs and portents gaily hung across the streets to-day.

PEACE TALK DELAYED.

M. Witte Astonishes a Railway Guard with a Friendly Kiss.

Instead of opening yesterday the peace negotiations between Japan and Russia will not commence until to-day.

This delay has been caused by a dense fog which detained the United States vessels conveying the peace envoys to Portsmouth.

M. Witte, being a bad sailor, has left the yacht and is travelling part of the way by special train. On reaching Boston he shook hands with the stoker and driver on the train, and, apparently misled by the amount of gold lace worn by the guard, kissed that official on the forehead.

M.P.s RACE TO THE HOUSE.

Large Government Majorities During Report Stage of the Unemployed Bill.

Palace Yard was a scene of unwonted animation and excitement yesterday, motor-cars, open victorias, four-wheelers, and hansomas racing down to Westminster in hundreds to bring Unionist M.P.s to the assistance of the Government at the opening hour of the sitting.

The frantic efforts of the Ministerial Whips to keep a majority proved eminently successful, the divisions on the report stage of the Unemployed Bill yielding majorities of 132, 100, and 100.

A new clause was inserted in the Bill dealing with the application of the Bill to Ireland.

An amendment giving power to utilise the rates in the provision of temporary work on farm colonies was rejected by 136 to 86.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

M.P. Suggests Its Transference to the Nationalist Benches.

Corporal punishment in the Royal Navy was the subject of questions to Mr. Pretymann, the Secretary to the Admiralty, in the House of Commons yesterday. Incidentally Mr. Bright stigmatized the practice as "barbaric."

Mr. Pretymann flew to his feet. His cheeks were flushed. He spoke with unusual heat.

"I protest," he said, "against the assertion as casting a very undeserved slur upon the officers of the Navy." A hot responsive cheer from the crowded Nationalist benches. I challenge the hon. member to produce a single case where brutal treatment had been shown.

"There are hundreds of cases," snapped Mr. Swift MacNeill. "What will the French think of it?"

Mr. Pretymann said that the boys were examined by a doctor both before and after punishment, as a precautionary measure.

Mr. Sloan suggested that flogging should be transferred to the Nationalist benches.

WORLD-TOUR ON ONE WHEEL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Monday.—The newspapers announce the arrival here of a Frenchman, named Arthur Audibert, who intends to make a tour of the world on a monocycle.

To provide himself with the "sinews of war" he will sell picture postcards on his journey.

WELSH ESPERANTO.

Wily Shopkeepers at Boulogne Hoist by Their Own Petard.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BOULOGNE, Monday.—Boulogne is alive with excitement over the International Esperanto Congress, and one sees printed notices hanging up in all the cafés and shop windows worded as follows: "Oui traolas en Esperanto."

However, when you go into the shops and begin to converse in the new language you will be quickly astonished to find that the shopkeepers only know a few words and have lured you in under false pretences.

A party of Welsh gentlemen from Carnarvon have been having great fun at the expense of the French shopkeepers. They entered a shop and commenced talking Welsh in a body, whereupon the bewildered shopkeeper exclaimed with a shrug of the shoulders and outstretched hands that he had only a rudimentary knowledge of the new language.

To-day the French Minister of Education attempted to converse with an eminent Russian member of the congress, but he had not had sufficient practice and eventually had to have recourse to an interpreter.

KING'S TOUCHING MESSAGE.

Before Leaving Stockholm to Seek Health King Oscar Thanks the Swedish People.

STOCKHOLM, Monday.—King Oscar to-day issued the following proclamation:

"As on the advice of my doctors I must for some time seek quiet, fresh air and baths, in order once more with God's help to find health and strength after the strenuous time, so trying for body and mind, through which I have passed in consequence of the trials to which I have been subjected during the last few months, I wish, before handing over the reins of my Government to my son, the Crown Prince, and before leaving the capital, to renew my thanks to the Swedish people which I have previously expressed."

"I cannot sufficiently emphasise how dear to me the many proofs of love and sympathy have been which I have received from various sides, and how great a consolation they have been for me for the loss of a people whom I wished with all my heart to unite with my Swedish people."—Reuter.

SWINDLED MONARCH.

How an Unscrupulous Artist Scored in a Picture Deal with King Leopold.

"There are about a dozen sheep," said King Leopold to a Paris artist, whose pastoral picture he desired to purchase, "so that it will come to 600 francs."

"Fifty francs per sheep," replied the artist, who added that, if agreeable to his Majesty, the sheep could be counted when the picture was finished.

Upon presenting the picture at the hotel King Leopold offered the artist a cheque for the amount he had stated.

But the artist indicated white dots in the background. "I thought they were specks of dust," remarked the King, who, however, found they went to make up 1,000 sheep.

Leopold smilingly handed over a new cheque for the full amount.

DISTORTED SENSE OF GUILT.

Murderer Who Defied Gendarmes Pleads That He "Spared Many Lives."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—Roy, the gamekeeper who defended a cottage at Chateaulerault against the gendarmes for some days, has been interviewed by the French papers. He said:

"I was amazed at the verdict of the jury. I am condemned to death, although if I had wished, I could have killed the captain of the gendarmes of Chateaulerault, and plenty of other persons who were in front of my gun, during the siege of my house."

He was condemned to death by a majority of ten to two.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Falling from a balloon that was passing over Barcelona, an aeronaut named Pierroy was picked up dead in the street.

Maxim Gorky, the famous Russian author, has arrived at Lugano, in Italy, with Mme. Gorky. He intends leasing a villa there.

Choirmasters of Roman Catholic churches in South London have been informed that after the end of the month lady soloists will not be allowed to sing in church. Lady choristers have now been superseded by boys.

DAUNTLESS HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Excursionists Go Forth in Thousands

Despite Threatening Skies.

JOYOUS SEASHORE.

Despite the broken weather of the week-end and the torrential rain which fell early yesterday morning, Bank Holiday was a great success everywhere.

True, the Britisher surveyed the storm-clouded skies of the morning with a typically dissatisfied air, but, characteristically enough, he took his chance, started boldly off to coast and river and countryside, and was for the most part rewarded with bright, sunny weather, to which a shower or two afforded but a refreshing interlude to the curious Mark Tapley spirit of the English excursionists.

The exodus to the seaside quite exceeded anticipations built up on the uncertain weather prospects. One of the most notable migrations from town was that to Portsmouth, where, of course, the arrival of the French fleet drew an unusually large number of Bank Holiday visitors.

The French visit, too, produced in London an unusual effect. The decorations in the City attracted a large number of our country cousins, and the Strand and Fleet-street and other such thoroughfares that wear a somewhat deserted aspect as a rule on Bank Holiday, were thronged with provincials who admired the scene of thousands of flags and banners dancing in the breeze.

THE ACCIDENT ROLL.

There has been no holiday without its sad side, and yesterday was no exception to the rule.

At Bournemouth Edward Green, a young man from Oxford, was drowned whilst bathing in the presence of his brother and some friends, who were unable to lend assistance.

An alarming accident took place near Richmond Bridge on Sunday night, when a boat containing four men capsized. Two swam to the shore, and the other two were rescued by a sailor belonging to H.M.S. Achernar.

At Hartmannswiller, a boy of seven fell into the river, but he was saved by a lad named Warre.

Early yesterday morning the body of a well-dressed man was found in the Thames near Barnes. On it was discovered a paper addressed to Robert's Vale-road, Stoke Newington.

Whilst boating at Greenwich Herbert Amos Grenmore, a lad of fifteen, of Woolwich, was drowned whilst changing his seat in the boat.

From Woolwich also two other tragedies are reported.

George Parker, aged sixty, of Millward-street, Shooter's Hill, was found dead near Woolwich Repository, the cause of death not being known, and an unknown man jumped into the Thames from the Ferry later in the day.

HOLIDAY WORKERS.

Thousands of Toilers to Whom Feast of St. Lubbock Means Extra Labour.

For at least 430,000 persons in London alone, exclusive of hard-working mothers and wives, yesterday was no holiday.

Even the King himself worked. His Majesty held a council on board the royal yacht, and for the rest of the day devoted himself to the entertainment of his French naval visitors.

Members of Parliament were kept hard at work at Westminster by the diligent Whips of both parties.

The following list shows that a Bank Holiday is by no means the universal affair it is often supposed to be. The figures are for London only:

Domestic servants, female	200,000	Milkmen	8,000
Domestic servants, male	50,000	Tramwaymen	6,000
Railwaymen	30,000	Waitresses in tea-rooms	4,000
Cab drivers, etc.	16,000	shops, etc.	4,000
Publicans and barmaids	15,000	Tobacconists	3,000
Nurses	14,000	Exhibition workers	2,500
Post offices and telephones	14,000	Journalists	2,000
Policemen	12,000	Chaffeurs	200
Barbers, hairdressers, etc.	10,000	Waiters	1,000
Conductors	10,000	Printers	1,000
		Others	4,000

The clergy and ministers of all denominations must be included, for many marriages were solemnised during the day.

SELF-SACRIFICING WIVES.

Perhaps the hard-working mothers and mothers attending to their household affairs and sacrificing themselves for the holiday of husbands and children formed the biggest item of all.

Almost every house out of London's million residences represented a hard-working wife.

Taking the whole of the kingdom, it is merely necessary to multiply London's figures.

In various Volunteer camps some 65,000 men were combining work with pleasure.

At least 300 professional cricketers laboured strenuously at the wickets. And at Hurst Park and other race meetings jockeys and bookmakers pursued their callings all the more diligently because it was Bank Holiday.

ALL THE WORLD AT COWES.

Huge Gathering of Yachts for a
Brilliant Week's Racing.

FASHION AND BEAUTY.

Cowes week has opened most brilliantly in every respect. There was tremendous excitement yesterday over the French fleet.

The little yachting town is full of visitors, and as for yachts, it is a long time since so many have been seen in the Solent.

A goodly show of flags and electric light devices in brilliant colours have been put up by the enthusiastic townspeople.

Looking over the Solent from the parade, the scene is a remarkable one, with the entire Channel Fleet stretching away towards the east, and all the fashionable and well-known yachts anchored within easy access of the shore.

The Royal Standard flying on the Victoria and Albert denotes the presence of the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales.

The illuminations of the English and French fleets last night were worth going many miles to see, and the fireworks were magnificent. The first day's visit of our neighbour's fleet passed off splendidly.

Some Interesting Craft.

Many of the yachts now anchored off Cowes have not been seen there for some time past. Lord Crawford's enormous *Valhalla*, for instance, was not fitted out last year. Then there is the White Lady, formerly the property of Mrs. Langtry, then of Whitaker Wright, and now taken for a time by Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Two of the most interesting vessels this year are Mr. Millner Mundy's *Narcissus* and Baron de Forest's *Honor*, upon which he and the Baroness are this week entertaining Lady Londonderry and Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Gerard, Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville, and Mr. Lionel Rothschild.

The *Erin* is at Cowes with Sir Thomas Lipton on board, and the *Utopiana*, that took part in the race from America, the *Mera* of Mr. Cyril Potter, and any number of others.

Brilliant Yachting Throng.

Of the social world there are many representatives, amongst them the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Somerset, Lord and Lady Ormonde, Lord and Lady Camden, who have a yachting party with them; Lord and Lady Harrington, Lord and Lady Iveagh, Lord Dartrey, Lord and Lady Churchill, Prince and Princess Bathany, Lord and Lady Llangattock, Lord Suffield, Lady Blandford, Lady Dorchester, Lady Knollys, M. de Soveral, and hundreds of others.

JEWELS STOLEN AT COWES.

Gold and diamond sleeve links, scarf-pins, and other jewels to the value of £100 are reported to have been stolen from the Marine Hotel at Cowes.

When the robbery was discovered a chambermaid remembered seeing a suspicious visitor, who asked for people who were not staying at the hotel.

OUT-OF-DATE TELEPHONES.

New York Postmaster Says London's Are the Worst He Has Ever Seen.

"In America I sit in my office and can telephone to Boston or New York in about half the time it takes to get a City call in London."

"Ordinarily I could get Chicago, 1,000 miles away, quicker than I could get someone a few streets away here. The London telephone service is the worst I have ever seen."

That is the crushing comment on our telephone system of Mr. W. R. Wilcox, Postmaster of New York, who is at present in London studying English postal methods.

That his remarks are not due to prejudice against English methods is proved by the fact that he says he considers the London mail service to be "the finest in the world."

But it is unfortunately impossible to dispute the facts he urges against the London telephone system. Roughly speaking, the Londoner has to spend five times as long getting a call as does the man in New York.

MISSING BRIDE.

A bride was missing from the altar at Hanley yesterday. Miss Annie Tunnicliffe, of Hanover-street, Hanley, twenty-one years of age, disappeared on Saturday night, leaving no trace whatever.

The wife of Corporal Andrews, of Albany-street Barracks, Albany-street, N.W., has been missing from her home since July 13. Her husband offers £5 reward for information as to her whereabouts.

TOMBS AND TOPICS.

"Corrector of the Press" Publishes His Labours of Twenty-seven Years.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, who for many years enjoyed celebrity as "Corrector of the Press," is at last acting upon the threat he uttered when he retired from his self-imposed labours nearly two years ago.

He is publishing, through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, a volume containing 525 of his 555 letters in various newspapers.

"I wanted to rescue them from oblivion," he told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "for I think they are of unusual interest. I call the book 'Truth, Wit, and Wisdom, a Mine of Information,' and I am sure that a more interesting and entertaining volume has never been published."

The volume is certainly original. The letters were written to correct blunders made by newspaper-writers, and to plead for the restoration of the tombs of famous people.

Others concern such topics as, "Are Dukes Deadheads?" "Should Not England Possess a National Valhalla?" "Why Not Row the Boat-race in June?" "Pekin or Peking?" "Skeptic or Sceptic?" "Why are the Tombs of Mrs. Siddons, Goldsmith, Rossetti, and Thackeray Neglected?"

In one letter Mr. Ashton points out that an evening paper has wished him "Many happy returns of the day" a month too early, and in answering the question, "Are Graveyards Healthy?" he says, "No one is a more frequent and enthusiastic visitor to graveyards than myself, and I have never had a day's illness for over twenty-seven years."

SAILORS AND SAVAGES.

Mariners Shipwrecked in Indian Ocean Rescued by Kindhearted Natives.

The crew of the lost sailing-ship *Windsor Castle* have just returned to Cardiff with a very romantic tale of shipwreck.

In April last their vessel was flung by a typhoon on a reef in the Indian Ocean. The sea broke over the sinking ship in cataracts, and all hope had been abandoned, when, through the mist of flying foam, there emerged some frail, primitive boats manned by savages.

The sailors were taken to a little picturesque island of palm-trees, where they lived for a month with their gallant rescuers in huts of bamboo and coconut fibre. Another ship then appeared and took them on board.

"SLAVES" IN NIGERIA.

Wholesale Charges of Tyranny Against a British Chartered Company.

The British Nigeria Company is, states a writer in an American journal, using labour that is slavery in all but name.

The British Cotton-Growing Association has the sole right to cultivate cotton in any part of the 400,000 square miles over which the British Nigerian Company is overlord. On the cotton plantations the cost of labour for sixteen hours a day and seven days in the week is reckoned by the factors at £5, including rations, clothing, quarters, etc.

"For a long time past there have been shipped from Lagos to America large quantities of dressed leather, every process in the manufacture of which is done by men and women who are veritable slaves."

"Sir Alfred Jones recently told King Edward that within five years the cotton produced in West Africa will be ample for the requirements of Great Britain."

OPENING UP THE AMAZON.

Gigantic Concession of Rich, Virgin Country in South America.

Between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers there extends a vast, fertile country, sparsely inhabited, at present, by wild Indians, and utterly uncultivated.

The rights over 145,000 square miles of this territory have just been conceded by the President of Colombia to his fellow-countryman, Dr. Marquez, who is founding there two colonies, and establishing a service of steamships.

The concession includes one of the largest and richest tracts of rubber trees in the world, vast areas of pastoral land, and immense stretches of cedar and mahogany forests.

COSTLY BUT NECESSARY.

In spite of vigorous protest the London Building Acts Bill, which contains special clauses respecting provision of escape from fire, is to apply in all respects to the City.

This decision will involve costly alterations to a great many premises which at present do not comply with the measure.

SAND CASTLE

CONTESTS.

Guineas Given Away as Prizes for Seashore Architects.

THE CHILDREN'S CHANCE.

Little castle-builders are busy on the sands of all Britain's great holiday resorts. Aided often by their parents, whose interest frequently exceeds that of their children, castles and forts, barbecues and masts are evolved as if by magic on the seashore.

To amuse, instruct, and interest these thousands of castle-builders the *Daily Mirror* is organising sand castle competitions on the seashores of many of our popular seaside towns. Prizes will be offered at each place, ranging from £2 2s. £1 1s. and half a guinea for the best castle built of sand.

Special days will be selected for carrying out the competitions at various seaside places. The contests will be open to all without entrance fees of any kind. In many cases the mayoress of the town will act as one of the judges, and we have also received the assistance of Mr. W. Poynter Adams, author of the well-known book on the subject of castle building.

Ramsgate will be the scene of the first competition. By the courtesy of the authorities a spacious stretch of the sands will be roped off for the purposes of the contest. Mr. Dowling, the mayor, is taking an active interest in the affair, and will attend with his daughter, who is the mayoress. There will be three prizes: First prize, £2 2s.; second prize, £1 1s.; third prize, 10s. 6d.

Next Friday will be the day.

The rules are quite simple. You can build whatever sort of castle you like, but we shall print a number of designs of easy construction, which will assist competitors in determining what they will build.

Except that all competitors must be under the age of twenty-one years there is no restriction of any kind. Boy or girl, resident or visitor, all are free to enter.

The only condition is that every competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

You may work alone or in a party, but the parties must not exceed six persons. In each party there must be a leader, who, in the event of the success of the party, will receive the prize.

The time allowed for building the castle will be four hours.

You can use any tools you like, though on this subject we shall give suggestions later.

Remember Friday is the day of the competition. Meanwhile you can be practising building castles on the designs which we shall publish, and you ought to read the *Daily Mirror* every day for further particulars and suggestions.

SATAN AND THE TENOR.

Inhabitants of Prussian Town Engage in the Worship of Powers of Evil.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Monday.—Many superstitious persons at Duisberg, in Prussia, have recently been worshipping the Prince of Darkness in solemn earnest.

A sorceress, in black and scarlet, would lead them into a dim, mysterious chamber filled with reptiles and hobgoblins, and scented with strange, acrid fumes. Here, in response to a weird hymn, the destiny of the worshippers was supposed to be revealed by his Satanic Majesty from behind a curtain.

There was, however, a curious resemblance between the satanic voice and that of a local tenor, Bonne, who, in company with the sorceress, has just been condemned to three years' imprisonment.

A victim of the swindlers was struck by the fatal tones of Bonne's voice at a concert.

CONVERSION OF JAPAN.

General Booth's Plans for Conducting a Great Campaign in the Far East.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NORTHAMPTON, Monday Evening.—During our journey to-day I have learned from General Booth what his plans are with regard to a Japanese campaign.

"Have you had in your mind for long this idea of visiting Japan?" I asked the General. "Oh, yes," he replied. "It would have formed part of our recent Australian tour but for the war in the Far East. Now we must wait. But after peace is declared I hope to go."

"When the war is over I will go myself among them, and we will set the wave of Christianity rolling all across the wide Eastern parts of the world."

King Alfonso has had a fall from his horse, but without any ill effects beyond a shaking.

AFRAID OF THE SEA.

Miss Kellerman Owes Her Present Prowess to Ill-Health in Infancy.

To her intense disappointment Miss Kellerman, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, was not allowed to go for her practice swim yesterday, in spite of her entreaties to her father.

There was too much wind and too heavy a sea, so Miss Kellerman spent the day in a careful study of tide-tables and Channel currents, making elaborate examinations also of the records of previous attempts to swim across.

It was through weakness in her childhood that Miss Annette Kellerman, who has proved herself the finest woman swimmer in the world, learnt to swim.

When she was a baby her legs were so weak that she was forced to wear irons. When the child reached the age of eight the doctor advised Mrs. Kellerman to have her daughter taught swimming and dancing as a means of strengthening her limbs.

Like most children little Annette was terribly frightened when first taken into the water, and screamed to be taken out, but her childish fears were soon overcome, and in five lessons she learnt to swim. Her teacher declared that she had never seen a child so completely at home in the water.

Since those days eleven years ago the greatest punishment that Annette could have had was to keep her from the water.

BEER OR GINGER-BEER?

Two Non-Alcoholic Beverages Sold for One That Inebriates.

There is no doubt that less beer was drunk in London yesterday than in former years.

At Messrs. Spiers and Pond's booth at Waterloo Station the manageress informed the *Daily Mirror* that where one person ordered a glass of beer, two inquired for ginger-beer or lager.

"Up to the present time," she added, "we have certainly sold considerably less beer, either bottled or otherwise, than is usually the case on a bank holiday."

At the Crystal Palace, where upwards of 85,000 persons usually congregate, the same story was told.

Hawkers on Hampstead Heath and in the vicinity of Kew Bridge did an extraordinary trade in bottled mineral waters.

Statistics in connection with the sale of intoxicating liquors for the past five years show the following decreases:

1900	-increase of £1,046,000
1901	decrease of £3,143,000
1902	decrease of £2,338,400
1903	decrease of £5,054,500
1904	decrease of £5,458,100

This gives a decrease in five years of nearly seventeen million.

MOBBING THE POLICE.

Fierce Attack Late at Night by Hundreds of Men and Women.

The holiday week-end in London has been marked by some extremely savage assaults on the police.

Mr. Denman, at the Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, had a long list of such cases to deal with, and, during the evidence, it was stated that the constables in Tottenham Court-road late on Saturday night had to deal with a hostile mob, several hundred persons surrounding a number of policemen and savagely attacking them.

At one time three constables were lying on the ground, and were kicked about, women as well as men, joining in the assault.

A number of men, including several foreigners, were sent to prison, in the case of two men sentences of six months being passed.

A metropolitan constable told the Clerkenwell magistrates yesterday that when he tried to arrest Harry Rudkins, an Islington carman, he was assaulted by the crowd, and at first Rudkins escaped. He was recaptured, and is now remanded.

MRS. HERKOMER'S ESCAPE.

Among the passengers when a terrible railway accident occurred at Ingolstadt, Bavaria, late on Friday night, to the Cologne and Munich express, were the wife and two children of Professor von Herkomer, none of whom suffered more than a shaking.

The driver and stoker were killed outright, and the guard was severely injured.

Over a hundred revolver shots were fired in the Chinese theatre, in New York, in a quarrel between rival factions. Three Chinamen were killed, and two are not expected to recover from their wounds.

HEROES OF THE SEASIDE.

Life-Savers Round the Coasts
Busy This Holiday Season.

MANY BATHERS RESCUED.

Already the crop of holiday fatalities has been distressingly abundant this year, foolhardy bathers and inexperienced boat-hires as usual providing the bulk of them.

That these fatalities do not reach more startling figures is due to those men—members of lifeboat crews, as a rule—who are ready to risk their lives for their fellow-creatures.

Tom Clarkson is one of these. He is the oldest lifeboater in England, and for fifty-five years has been a member of the lifeboat crew at Lytham, near Blackpool. Even now, though seventy-four years of age, he takes his place in the boat when launched for practice.

No fewer than three hundred lives has Clarkson assisted in saving, his most notable deed of daring occurring on December 9, 1886, when, in the teeth of a hurricane, blinded by a terrific snowstorm, after nine hours of herculean exertions, the Lytham lifeboat, under his coxswainship, rescued the crew of the German barque *Mexico*.

Saved 250 Lives.

Margate is justly proud of Albert Empilage, the coxswain of the lifeboats, whose well-knit frame is well-known on the jetty. He has been connected with the lifeboat for forty years.

Since 1865 he has assisted in the saving of some 250 lives, and he holds three medals, one from the Board of Trade.

He has been out with the boat as long as three days and three nights at a stretch, and thinks nothing of going out to signals from the Galloper Lifeship, thirty-two miles away.

When not speeding to the help of distressed mariners Empilage is to be found in the more pleasant, if less exciting, occupation of skipper of the Moss Ross pleasure sailing yacht.

Torquay boasts of a family of life-saving heroes, Mr. William Brown and his two brothers, Tom and Theodore, and his nephew John, having between them been responsible for saving seventy lives.

Medal at Sixty-two.

Mr. William Brown earned the bronze medal of the Humane Society at the advanced age of sixty-two, when by a distinguished act of gallantry he saved a drowning man.

Only a month ago his nephew John added still further to the laurels of this brave family by effecting a gallant rescue at sea.

Few men are as popular as Philip Nicholls, the cheery skipper of the steam launch which carries visitors round Mount's Bay, near Penzance, and few men have known the "terrors of the deep" as intimately as Philip has. For thirty years on the rugged, dangerous coast of Cornwall Philip served as member and coxswain of the Penzance lifeboat, assisting to save no fewer than 120 lives.

He has invented a steering-gear for lifeboats which is highly thought of, and is now used on many of the new lifeboats.

Any seaman in Penzance can tell unending stories of Philip's fearlessness in the face of danger.

Photographs appear on page II.

HOUSEBREAKER BY IMPULSE.

Small Boy in Eton Jacket Remanded for a Precious Misdemeanour.

Only twelve years old and dressed neatly in an Eton suit, Fred Gillett, the son of highly-respectable parents living at 22, Beverley-road, Chiswick, was remanded at Acton on a charge of breaking into a neighbour's house.

On information supplied by an eye-witness, Detective-sergeant Bedford went to the house of the boy, who answered the door. The officer accused him and said he was going to take him into custody.

"That's right, sir," replied the little fellow; "I got over the wall and went into the kitchen to see what was there. I didn't take anything, but found two clock keys and a South African stamp on the floor."

Gillett's father said the boy would plead guilty. He was sorry to see his boy in trouble, but had no doubt that he had acted on the impulse of the moment.

TELL-TALE COCK-CROW.

Hearing one of his cocks making a noise in his poultry-pen, Arthur Chittie, a Wood Green pouterer, on Sunday night went downstairs and found George Brown, a tramp, who picked up a stick to strike him.

A constable arrived on the scene, and Brown, who was arrested on a charge of stealing a cock and a hen, was remanded at Tottenham yesterday.

GRAVE HOSPITAL ABUSE.

Doctor Says Swollen Cut-Patient Departments Are Hot-Beds of Fever.

Smallpox, scarlet fever, and diphtheria, are actually spread by the out-patient departments of the great hospitals, according to Dr. George P. Bate, the medical officer for Bethnal Green.

In his annual report Dr. Bate makes the statement that of the 1,688 persons who suffered from these highly infectious diseases last year, fully one-fourth must have passed through the public streets to and from the hospitals.

"We find that numbers of children in a highly-infectious condition are taken through the streets for treatment as hospital out-patients," says Dr. Bate. "It is impossible to estimate how many thus become infected in trams, omnibuses, and waiting rooms; but I feel sure that mysterious outbreaks of disease are attributable to some such cause."

The overgrown out-patient departments of the hospitals are sharply attacked by the doctor for their encroachment upon the field of the general practitioner.

The surgeons at the London Hospital refused yesterday to discuss the report.

They admitted that there was danger of infection at the hospital, but that it was not a greater menace to the public health than when the patient was treated by a general practitioner.

At St. Bartholomew's Hospital the danger suggested by Dr. Bate was freely admitted.

"Our scarlet fever and diphtheria patients are brought into the same room with our other patients," said the house physician to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "However, we isolate them as soon as we discover the disease. The general practitioner can do no more. I see no remedy for the evil."

BACK-GARDEN RIFLE RANGE.

Suburban Residents Get Into Trouble for Injudicious Zeal in Marksmanship.

The magistrates at Acton yesterday were asked to advise an applicant in regard to a contest of shooting skill, which is somewhat popular in suburban gardens at this time of year.

He explained that two men were firing shots at a target in a garden at the rear of his house, and some of the shots had been falling in his (applicant's) garden, and he wished to know what would be the best course to pursue.

A constable had obtained the names and addresses of the men. He had also secured the board which had been placed behind the target, and in which there were emblazoned several stars.

The magistrate granted a summons for firing to the public danger, as the shots passed over a public thoroughfare before reaching the applicant's garden.

UNEMPLOYED TRAGEDY.

"Out of Work" Says He Killed His Two Children Rather Than See Them Starve.

"All right, I have killed my three children. I go quietly. I didn't want to see them starved. I have been out of work for a fortnight, and there is no prospect of getting anything until September next."

This was the statement made to the constable who arrested him by Henry Popple, the Walworth coachman, who appeared at the Lambeth Police Court yesterday charged with murdering his two young children.

He also attempted to cut the throat of his other daughter, whose condition is precarious.

Popple, who was remanded, also told the officers that he had been thinking about committing the tragedy for three days, and, in preparation thereof, specially sharpened the razor with which the crime was committed.

TRIUMPH OF THE PUNT.

Why Skiffs Are Going Out of Fashion on the Thames.

Skiffs have been quite out of fashion on the river this year—the great demand is for punts.

Boatmen at the more crowded resorts on the Thames such as Maidenhead, Marlow, and Henley say that this is because of the crush in the extent to which the skiff has decreased in popularity may be gathered from the fact that out of thirty-seven craft in Cookham lock yesterday only three were skiffs.

BURGLARY SEASON.

Daring burglaries have taken place this week-end at St. Mark's vicarage, Wimbledon, the residence of Mr. J. S. Gregory at Shepherd's Bush, and Mrs. Piggott's house in Earlsfield-road, Putney.

BONMARTINI TRIAL.

Counsel Recites a Poem Written Specially for the Defence.

THREE DAYS' SPEECH.

The famous Bonmartini murder trial, one of the most notable and sensational cases of modern times, expected to conclude this week.

It will be remembered how Count Bonmartini was found murdered—stabbed in seventeen places on September 2, 1902.

Six persons were then arrested on the charge of being concerned in the crime, Countess Bonmartini, his wife; Professor and Tullio Murli, her father and her brother; Carlo Scocchi, the Countess's lover; Dr. Pio Naldi, and a girl named Rosina Bonetti.

For over two years these six suspected persons languished in prison awaiting their trial while the evidence was being collected against them. The hearing of the case was begun on February 20, and has gone on uninterruptedly ever since.

Countess Reduced to a Shadow.

The terrible strain and suspense have told sadly upon the Countess Linda, who has been reduced from her former grace and comeliness to a shadow, a creature of skin and bone.

Not so the other prisoners, however. They are cheerful and less anxious than when the trial began, though a good deal thinner. Latterly, the hearing of this case has been full of dramatic interest. Signor Cavaglia, the fifth counsel who has pleaded for the Countess, has swayed all his hearers by his magnificent eloquence.

In the course of a speech which he said he was prepared to extend over three months, though he compressed it within three days, he recited a poem of sympathy which had been written for Countess Linda by Ada Negri, a prominent Italian poetess of to-day.

Two months have been occupied by the pleading of the Countess's counsel. Yesterday the president of the court submitted thirty-eight questions to the consideration of the jury. The verdict is expected on Thursday or Friday.

POLICEMAN-SURGEON.

Prompt First Aid to a Woman Whose Leg Had Been Broken in Two Places.

With a paling taken from a fence, a West Ham constable performed a surgical feat outside a florist's shop on Saturday.

Inside the shop there was a scene of indescribable ruin. The door had been torn from its hinges and flower-pots and plants were strewn upon the floor.

Katherine Fox, the florist, had quarrelled with Mr. and Mrs. Glenn, who visited her. Mrs. Glenn had been struck on the head with an iron bar, and her leg was broken in two places.

The policeman bound up the limb and took the woman to the hospital, and then arrested Fox. "What right had she to smash up my home? I don't care if I get transported," she said defiantly.

At West Ham yesterday she was remanded on bail.

MUCH-SOUGHT CONVICT.

Goods Sent to His Flat Quickly Disposed of—Appeals for Payment Vain.

No sooner had Henry Francis Hamilton, middle-aged, completed a term of penal servitude than he was qualified to return.

He rented a flat at Queen's-gate, called at West End establishments and ordered goods to be paid for on delivery.

Guns worth £40 and pictures worth £130 were delivered, and the messengers asked to leave them for two hours.

In the meantime Hamilton took the pictures away in a cab and sold them.

"I admit it. I will give you every information in my power," he said when arrested for stealing the pictures.

It was stated at Westminster that he was wanted all over the country.

He was remanded.

STREET STUMBLE CAUSES DEATH.

Through tripping on a loose stone Mrs. Darlington, a Bethnal-green widow, eighty-three years of age, fell and injured herself severely.

"I'm dying," she said as she was poking the fire a little later and died in her daughter's arms. Accidental death was the verdict at yesterday's inquest.

ACADEMY'S LAST DAY.

Babel of Provincial and American Accents at Burlington House.

Burlington House was yesterday crowded to suffocation.

It was the last day of the Royal Academy, and the weather being somewhat unpromising great numbers of visitors were attracted by the reduction of the usual entrance fee of 1s. to 6d.

It was essentially a provincial and American crowd. Enthusiasm ran highest in the space around the portrait of her Majesty the Queen, by Mr. Luke Fildes.

Here it was quite impossible to move in or out of the throng of people. Country accents were strong. "Nan wouldn't ye like to fairly kiss 'er," a strapping Lancashire lad exclaimed, much to the mortification of the crowd.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, Brummagem, Sussex, Essex, and American accents combined to make the Academy sound like a sort of English Tower of Babel.

Among the pictures sold during the exhibition are:

"The Greatest of all Heroes is One," Byam Shaw, £800. "Loch Katrine," by MacWhirter, £700. "Evening at Warkworth, Northumberland," Sir E. Waterson, £35.

"The Cheat," Hon. J. Collier, £600. "The Black Mountains," purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, Edgar Bundy, £800. "The Black Mountains" (purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest), £20.

COULDYLY "BRAVEMAN."

Aliens Who Brutally Assaulted a Park-Keeper Severely Punished.

"Outrageous behaviour" was the term that Mr. Mead, at the Thames Police Court, yesterday, applied to Mark Ownowski and Adolph Braveman, Russian aliens, who were guilty of an attack upon Albert Allen, London County Council park-keeper, in charge of the open space at Sidney-nook.

A boy on Saturday damaged some railings and flowers at this place, and when Allen went to get his name and address he was surrounded by a large and threatening crowd, including the two Russians named.

They struck and kicked him, and took from him his whistle and truncheon, whilst the boy, a Jew, made good his escape.

Braveman pleaded to the magistrate that he came from Nikoland in Russia, and the English Consul there would give him a character as a respectable man.

Mr. Mead (sternly): I cannot send to him. Of you will be sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

CASE FOR COMPENSATION.

Neighbour Accused of Stealing a Purse Found Later on the Floor of the Loser's House.

"You leave the court without the slightest stigma on your character," said Mr. Dickinson to Mrs. Hughes at North London yesterday.

Mrs. Cuss, a Stoke Newington woman, had charged her with the theft of a purse and afterwards found it on her own floor.

Mrs. Hughes was released, but Mrs. Cuss did not appear to withdraw the charge yesterday.

The magistrate suggested that Mrs. Cuss would be wise to compensate her neighbour for the indignity of arrest.

£5 NOTES GIVEN AWAY.

Mr. "Answers" Busily Distributing Gifts to Seaside Readers.

"Mr. Answers" had a busy day yesterday distributing the equivalent of golden sovereigns at Southsea, Blackpool, Margate, Yarmouth, and Ramsgate.

To-day he visits Blackpool, to-morrow Llandudno, Scarborough on Thursday, Southport on Friday, Folkestone on Saturday, and in each town he will hand a £5 note to someone who is carrying a copy of "Answers." All you have to do is to carry "Answers."

Full particulars of this novel method of giving away £5 notes will be found in to-day's "Answers."

Carry "ANSWERS" on the Beach To-day at . . . NEW BRIGHTON and BLACKPOOL. It may mean £5 to you.

SEE TO-DAY'S

'ANSWERS.'

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

A Subject on Which Everyone Wants
To Expatiate.

LETTERS POURING IN.

There is no doubt about the interest taken in this question. Everybody seems to have views on the subject which he is burning to express. This is our selection from yesterday's heap of letters:-

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Surely the husband is responsible for the value to himself of his wife. He is the one who "throws the handkerchief," not she.

I will undertake to say that if our youngsters will only do as their fathers did—see their "best girl" at her homework and in her family circle, instead of picking her up "promiscuous-like" on the tennis-law or at the seaside boarding-house, they would have no difficulty in unravelling this problem.

After twenty years of married life my wife is my best "chum" and adviser. We have had our ups and downs and, of course, a few breezes; but like "Charlie's Aunt" we are "still running."

Recollect, however, I am not at my club playing billiards and absorbing whiskies and sodas every night. I can content to stop at home and be "Newcastle-upon-Tyne." A MERE MAN.

WIFE SPELLS EXPENSE.

I do not consider a man ought to burden himself with a wife if monetary affairs are of the least anxiety. Such a course would most probably retard his progress in life, for the very word "wife" spells expense, "although she may be quite free from blame and do her utmost to help him in every way."

I do not think "Bachelor" is quite fair to women. Certainly, I know of several wives who are positive milestones, and appear to have neither power nor inclination to be companionable or helpful.

On the other hand, I am personally acquainted with men who have taken young girls (mere children) from a happy home and never made the slightest effort to entertain or please them. Consequently, the first few years of their married lives are spent in pining and regret, until the very name of husband is abhorrent to them.

Yet perhaps at one time (as the writer of this letter has experienced) the world held no sweeter or higher ambition than to be a devoted companion and a true help in every sense of the word to a loyal and loving man.

Ipswich. SEVENTEEN YEARS A WIFE.

£300 A YEAR INCREASED TO £1,500.

I can truly say I owe all my worldly success to my wife.

Before I married I was rather a lazy person, with a taste for reading and a tendency to dabble in non-money-making occupations. I earned a modest £300 a year, with which I was perfectly satisfied, and spent a great deal of my life lounging in my comfortable rooms.

After I married I found life at home so very uncomfortable that I was bound in self-defence either to take to drink or devote myself to work. I did the latter, and so successfully that I now have an income of £1,500 a year.

If I had remained single, or had found married life one of bliss, I should still be earning my £300. I think, therefore, I am quite justified in attributing my success to the impetus of my wife's tongue and temper.

Of course, I am unhappy, but que voilé vous? It is the price one pays for success. CANDID. Richmond.

A HARD CASE.

I am much interested in the letters from men(?) who evidently make it a rule to run their wives down behind their backs.

I wonder if it ever occurs to them how utterly selfish men really are. They complain because their wives are not content with being shut up in the house all day like domestic animals, and seem to think they never ought to want enjoyment.

They forget all the things their wives do for them; how monotonous the average wife's life is, year in, year out.

I was married myself at the age of twenty, deserted before I was twenty-one, left with a baby to get on as best I could. This happened five years ago. I have never seen my husband since, and do not suppose I ever shall.

I have nothing whatever to look forward to. I cannot get a divorce because I do not know where my husband is, and if I did I could prove nothing against him. His desertion, and according to the law of England a wife must prove her husband guilty of two things.

Another specimen of men's natural selfishness. They make the laws and make them to suit themselves.

What is a woman in my position to do? What sort of a life do you suppose mine is? And all through one man's selfishness.

A DESERTED WIFE.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Yesterday a Dover man named James started to run five hundred miles in six days.

Eight Finchley firemen have resigned on account of the criticism to which the brigade has lately been subjected.

"If I'm poor, I'm proud and I'm particular," said Caroline Coleman, aged sixty-four, who, when fined at Dudley for using bad language, said she detested swearing.

Some light was thrown on street hawkers' profits in a case at Westminster yesterday. "The Liars' Licence," it appears, is purchased at a shilling a hundred and sold by the hawkers at a penny each.

As a Wrexham cyclist was riding past a farmhouse near Bodfari he ran over a hen, with the result that he was thrown violently against a well and the tyre was forcibly wrenched off his back wheel.

On the bearing spring of a wagon forming part of a Great Central Railway fish train a cat travelled from Grimsby to Retford. Here pussy was removed from her perilous position, or she would have been carried on to London.

There was a touching incident at the funeral of Mrs. Harrison, of Brandesburton Hall, Yorkshire, mother of Colonel Harrison, who brought over the pygmies from Central Africa to this country. Among the beautiful wreaths was one composed chiefly of lavender sent from London by the little people, and lovingly inscribed: "To the Dear Mother of the White Man."

High Chief Ranger W. Simm at Newcastle yesterday said that the capital of the Ancient Order of Foresters now reached the gigantic total of £8,090,188, representing a gain of five and a half millions in twenty-seven years.

Operative weavers of the Ashton-under-Lyne district yesterday commenced work at a 5 per cent. advance in their wages.

Normanton and Beverley each imported a small-pox case from Hull. In dealing with them Normanton spent £19 and Beverley £215 16s. 1d.

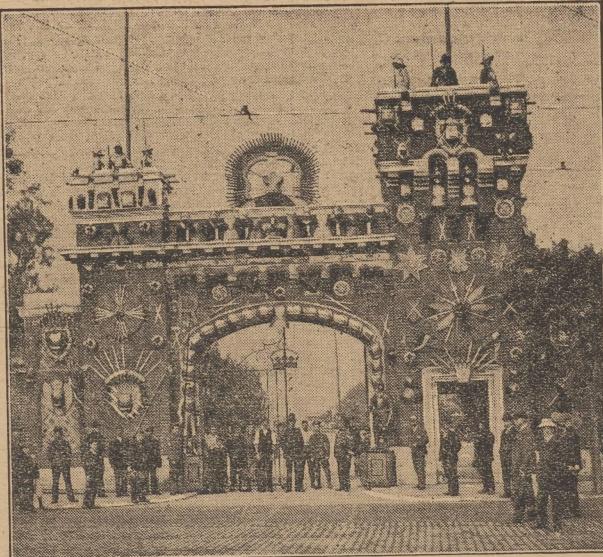
Several persons were convicted at the Thames Court yesterday for giving false information concerning the births of their children in order to evade vaccination.

Over five and a half million passengers, of whom two and a quarter millions purchased halfpenny tickets, have been carried by the Ilford Council's tramways in twelve months. A net profit of £2,325 is shown.

Honor Oak Hill, more familiarly known as One Tree Hill; an area of about fourteen acres, on the borders of Camberwell and Lewisham, was formally opened as a public recreation ground yesterday.

Mrs. Tom Thumb is still alive at Coney Island. She is sixty-five years old, an exceptional age for a dwarf, and has been a widow now for some years. She still drives about in the identical coach presented to her late husband by King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

TO WELCOME OUR FRENCH VISITORS.



Gunwharf Gate at Portsmouth Dockyard, decorated in honour of the visit of the French Fleet. No naval festivities have ever before raised Portsmouth to such a pitch of excitement, and the town is transformed for the occasion.

During the hearing of a case at Halifax it was stated that a couple had carried on their courtship correspondence by means of picture postcards.

Seven thousand copies of pirated music have been seized in Bow Common-lane by officials of the Music Copyright Association.

No deaths have taken place at Matterssey, a North Notts village of over three hundred inhabitants, since June 24 of last year.

On the second reading of the Workmen's Compensation Bill Sir John Stirling Maxwell will move that no measure in this connection can be considered satisfactory which does not contain provisions for compensation for injury to health in dangerous trades.

As a device for countering the opposition of the tramways, a suburban line is on the point of granting special shopping tickets at a great reduction to ladies, the passenger being at liberty to travel at any time between twelve and four.

In finding two boys at the Thames Court yesterday for bathing without proper dress in the Regent's Canal, Mr. Mead said he sympathised with them in their love of bathing, but the Regent's Canal was not much of a place for that sort of thing so far as quality was concerned.

Asked why he was unable to work, an applicant for relief at Hawarden produced a medical certificate which, in his opinion, entitled him to cease following his employment. A glance at this interesting document showed that the doctor described the man as suffering from "want of work." His application was refused.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Eight Half-Guineas for Whitby and Broadstairs.

MORE PRIZE WINNERS.

We publish to-day on page 9 groups of holiday-makers at Whitby and Broadstairs. Can you see yourself in either?

If you can, you may win half a guinea.

We have marked four persons in the Whitby group and four in that at Broadstairs.

If those persons apply to us they will be richer by half a guinea.

This is what you must do. Look carefully at the pictures, and if you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in either photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. To-morrow eight half-guineas go to

BRIDLINGTON AND RAMSGATE.

Our photographers have taken snapshots of holiday crowds at these resorts. These pictures will be found in the *Daily Mirror* to-morrow, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group at Whitby and four at Broadstairs.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including:-

Aberystwyth,	Eiley,	Eliey,	Skerries,
Bournemouth,	Blewett,	Blewett,	Southport,
Brighton,	Folkstone,	Folkstone,	Southwicks,
Clacton,	Hastings and St.	Hastings and St.	St. Anne's,
Cleethorpes,	Leopards,	Leopards,	Weston-super-Mare,
Cromer,	Hastings,	Hastings,	Weymouth,
Deal,	Ilfracombe,	Ilfracombe,	Weymouth,
Dover,	Lowestoft,	Lowestoft,	Weymouth,
Eastbourne,	Morcambie,	Morcambie,	Worthing,
Felixstowe,	Rhyl,	Rhyl,	

The prize winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Margate and Southend, are as follows:-

MARGATE.

Miss E. Montague, 5, Buenos Ayres, Margate. Miss A. Trinder, 60, Marquis-road, Camden-square, N.W.

Charles H. Ward, 63, Tivoli-road, Margate. W. E. Langham, 38, King-street, Margate.

SOUTHEND.

Mrs. P. Partridge, 4, Farringdon-place, Southend. Mrs. Richard Robbins, 50, Fordington-road, Paddington, W.

John Thomas Lovell, 44, Woodstock-road, Forest Gate, E.

James Cruickshank, Alford Villa, 4, Gordon-road, Southend.

LAWYER-INNKEEPER.

Why a Lover of Country Life Deserted the Legal Profession.

Is there more than one inn in England kept by a fully qualified solicitor?

Mine host of the Lambert Arms, an inn near Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, is a member of the legal profession, and he believes himself the only solicitor-innkeeper in England.

"I want to follow the hounds and to fish and drive a bit," he told the *Daily Mirror*. "I found I could not combine them with my legal affairs, so I gave up the attempt and took this inn.

"Here I manage to get along very comfortably, and meet many interesting people who talk about everything from the turnips to motor-cars, and I get time for outdoor amusements too."

"My friends all admired my wife's pluck in coming into the business. Now they admire her catering, and I think we are both much happier than we were in town."

As the Stock Exchange was closed on Bank Holiday our usual City article does not appear in to-day's issue.

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IT WILL PAY YOU.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1905.

OLLENDORFF CORDIALE.

VIVE l'entente cordiale!

Vous dites?

Je dis, vive l'entente cordiale!

Qu'est ce que c'est que l'entente cordiale?
Un boisson nouveau?

Pas du tout. C'est la nouvelle amitié entre la France et l'Angleterre.

Mais c'est très ancienne, cette amitié-là.

Oui, mais maintenant nous sommes plus amis qu'autrefois.

Et vous en êtes content?

Je suis très content. Et mon père est content, et ma mère est content, et le jardinier de ma grandmère est content et—

Parfaitement. Enfin tout le monde est content?

En Angleterre, oui, mais il y a des gens qui ne sont pas contents du tout. Le neveu du Roi Edouard n'est pas content.

Pourquoi le neveu du Roi Edouard n'est-il pas content?

C'est son affaire à lui.

Dites-moi le nom du neveu du Roi Edouard.

Il se nomme Guillaume.

A-t-il les plumes, l'encre, et le papier?

Je crois bien.

C'est probable alors qu'il va écrire une dépêche télégraphique. C'est son habitude n'est-ce-pas?

Il fera ce que bon lui semblera. Mais il ne peut pas empêcher la France et l'Angleterre d'être très amicales l'une avec l'autre.

Vous aimez les marins français?

Je les aime beaucoup. Mon oncle les aime, et ma tante les aime, et la cuisinière de mon voisin les aime, et—

Parfaitement. Bonjour, monsieur. Vive l'Angleterre!

Bonsoir, monsieur. Vive la France.

(Ensemble) Vive l'entente cordiale!

M. DE B.

THE GINGER-BEER PERSON.

There is a story going round of a waiter at a seaside hotel who was asked whether the place was full. "Very full, sir," was the grudging reply, "but not the right kind of person, sir; all ginger-beer persons."

He meant what other observers mean when they talk about "a wave of temperance" passing over the country. There is no doubt that the constant chorus about the evil results of alcohol, kept up now for years past, has had an effect.

The credit for this must be given entirely to the temperance fanatics. The moderate people who said, "Don't drink too much" might have gone on saying it for ever. The raucous warning to avoid alcohol in any form or quantity has made an impression very quickly.

It is always the same. We may regret it if we like, but the stronger the assertion is, the more attention it always attracts. When Sir Frederick Treves said "Alcohol isison," he did more to increase the number of ginger-beer persons than he would have done in fifty years if he had gone about delivering careful lectures, in which the harm and the good done by alcohol were methodically balanced.

In the Banks Holiday atmosphere the influence of the ginger-beer person was distinctly noticeable. The public-houses were not nearly so full as they used to be. The "ricketty rackete crews" who used to roll about the streets were fewer in number.

There is a fear in many minds that the improvement is only for a time. They think we shall slip back to our old state instead of getting farther and farther away from it. Look, however, at the decline of hard drinking in the upper and middle classes. That went on steadily once it had begun. Why should not the present movement follow the same course?

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If thou, being poor, enter into the abode of the wealthy, remember that his riches are more fleeting than the flower nipped by the hoar-frost.—*Proverb.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke and Duchess of Newcastle's house-party at Clumber House, their Nottinghamshire seat, has been a very interesting gathering. The Duke and Duchess much prefer Clumber to their house in Hill-street, and nearly all their entertaining is done there. The Duchess has an enthusiasm which is sufficient to occupy her life—the enthusiasm for dogs. Clumber houses an enormous collection of the canines that are named after it, as well as many of the peculiar Russian Borzoi hounds, for which the Duchess has won many prizes. She goes all round the kennels every day when she is staying at Clumber.

* * *

Nearly all the famous homes of England are, occasionally at least, thrown open to the world in these democratic days, but the world cannot be said to appreciate the privilege.

* * *

Several times, in going over Chatsworth, I have heard stories of attempts of vandalism. Every great value in the apartments shown there is shut off by rails from sightseers, otherwise someone amongst them would be certain to finger it, and probably would knock it over. The mania for carving one's name is equally prevalent. You may see people's names on old tombs, old woodwork, statues, and fine trees. One cannot but sympathise, then, with Lord Chichester in the action he has felt compelled to take, while one regrets that Stanmer will never be shown again.

* * *

Lord and Lady Ardilaun are to be the moving spirits in the Dublin Horse Show, which looks as though it were to be an unusually brilliant function this year. Lord Ardilaun owns one of the most beautiful places in Ireland, St. Anne's, Clontarf,

seems to lead a terribly agitated existence. He has an essentially strong face, with piercing eyes and a straightforward look in them, but I cannot help thinking that the duty of stirring up the modern member of Parliament to action is giving him a harassed and startled expression.

* * *

In point of fact, a Whip can never be sure when he is about to face a crisis. Stories are told about Sir Alexander's trials which show that calm is always treacherous in the House of Commons. One afternoon he is said to have strolled on to the Terrace seeking tea and rest. Nearly everybody had left town; there was an August aspect over things. Suddenly the division bell! High and low Government supporters had to be raked together, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that a majority was secured.

* * *

Dr. Jameson, Premier of Cape Colony, who has just arrived in London, intends to spend his stay in Europe quite in the holiday spirit. He has come for a rest after a period of hard work and indifferent health. "Dr. Jim," although a little man (like the great Napoleon), has the courage and energy of five ordinary people. It used to be an amazing sight, so his friends said, to see him, after the Matabele war, surrounded by the stalwart savage chiefs, and to observe the complete control he had over them. He filled them with so much confidence that the Matabele phrase, "Now we can go away and sleep!" means that all fear is over-used to be applied to any project in which Dr. Jameson was concerned.

* * *

To cure Lobengula, that far from sober-living Matabele king, of gout, was perhaps one of the most noticeable of Dr. Jameson's minor exploits, for it was a diplomatic service which surely had much to do with the recognition of the charter of the late Cecil Rhodes's company. Finally his administrative ability may be illustrated by recalling the fact that, when he controlled the affairs of Mashonaland, he cut down the expenses of the Company from £250,000 to £20,000 a year. It is wonderful to think that it was only a breakdown of health which first sent this extraordinary man to South Africa. Had he always been strong he might now be merely an ordinary doctor in London.

* * *

Lord Vivian starts for Canada this week, and will be away three or four months; but Lady Vivian will not accompany her husband, as she will be very busy looking after the furnishing and arranging of their new house. Lord Vivian, it may be remembered, was badly wounded in South Africa, where he went with the 17th Lancers. He was shot in the leg, with the result that the wounded leg is now shorter than the other. However, with the exception of a slight limp, it is not very noticeable.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Ormonde, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

HIS is an extremely responsible and important position at Cowes, where to-day the Royal Yacht Squadron's race for the King's Cup takes place. It is also an extremely honourable one, for his predecessor in it was no less a person than the King of England.

He is emphatically the right man in the right place. He has the talent for organisation, for the management of people, for the smoothing away of difficulties, and the quieting of complaints which such a place demands. "O," as his innumerable friends familiarly call him, is certainly one of the most popular men in society.

In Ireland, where he owns Kilkenny Castle, he gets on equally well with his tenants. King Edward has paid him a visit at Kilkenny and been received there with all the ceremonious accessories that the House of Ormonde boasts—even the famous gold plate which has to be heated with elaborate rules—plunged into boiling water with tongs covered in chamois leather—and cleaned in an equally abnormal way.

He is happy in many things, and in none more than his marriage. Lady Ormonde is one of the undoubted beauties of our time. It is said that as she entered the ballroom at Dublin Castle on a certain occasion not long ago the musicians (they must have been of Celtic race) stopped open-mouthed in their playing to look at her.

Both Lord and Lady Ormonde are experts in all that concerns yachting, and, under their guidance, the Cowes week will probably be more successful than ever before.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 7.—Not the merry wind that set March daffodils dancing, but a cruel fellow working havoc among the tall growths of late summer, has invaded the garden. Many borders unprotected from southerly gales are sad pictures to-day. Tall sunflowers, sweet peas, dahlias, stand in the sunlight with battered leaves, several of their stems being broken.

The wind is an enemy to be feared now. Yet, as a rule, Nature sends her worst storms in the winter; then, deep in some ruined woodland or where the great voices of the pine forest rise and fall, with unalloyed delight we can drink deep of the wind's joy.

E. F. T.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?



This is our artist's idea of the reason why wives are not so much a help to their husbands as they used to be. He pictures four stages in marital relations, the last being that which we have reached to-day!

part in itself. He is nearly always at Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match, and is said to have invited a furtive and hungry-looking youth whom he saw strolling about to lunch with him one year.

* * *

After having partaken freely of all the good things the boy, under the impression that the Duke's luncheon-table was a superior refreshment buffet, signalled to the butler for the bill. A well-known person who sat next him told him that there was no bill to be paid, and added, "Don't you know whose lunch you've been eating?" "No," said the boy, and when an explanation was given to him asked what he should do. "Say your grace," said the person, "and run away, which the boy did.

* * *

One of the most incomprehensible things in the psychology of the modern bounder is his delight in destruction. There is nothing he seems to like better than breaking something rare, than tearing up a plant, than cutting down a tree. An instance of this is provided in the affair of Stammer Park, the fine Sussex seat of Lord Chichester, which he has been obliged to close to the public owing to the wanton devastation which has gone on in the

near Dublin, and the gardens there are certainly the most famous in the country. He has also three seats, besides St. Anne's, in Ireland. At Macroom Castle, Co. Cork, the Prince of Wales has often been a guest for the famous woodcock shooting on the estate. Lord Ardilaun is a very wealthy man, but he manages his estates on laudably economical lines. His father, although a millionaire, trained him to have a horror of any kind of extravagance.

* * *

Both Lord and Lady Ardilaun are very popular with their tenants, most of whom are genuine Irish peasants, refreshingly unsophisticated. About one of them, not long ago, a comic story was told. He was an old man who was sent for a holiday to Dublin. Never having been in a city before, he was amazed at everything he saw. When asked what, more than anything else, had taken his fancy, he replied: "What they calls electric light; but it do beat me how they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."

* * *

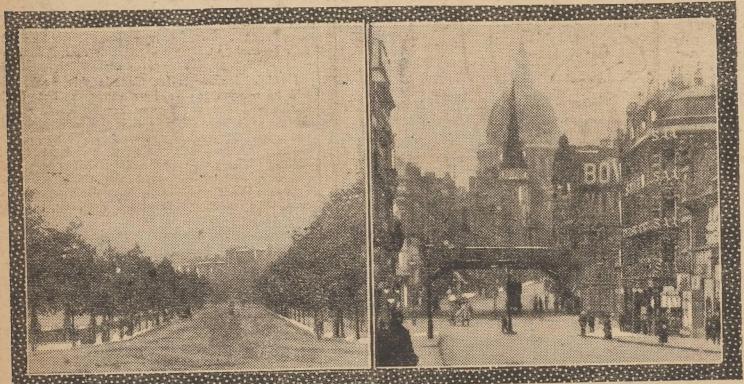
Who would be a Chief Government Whip? Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, whose task it has been during the last few days to outwit the Opposition "trap-setters" intent on securing another majority,

EARLY PREPARATIONS IN LONDON.



Fleet-street is already decorated, as shown in the photograph, for the visit of the French officers to the Guildhall on Thursday. It is the first time that decorations have been put up so far in advance. It may be a good thing to be in time, but one cannot help thinking a shower or two would reduce the bunting to rags.

LONDON EMPTY—AND WHY?

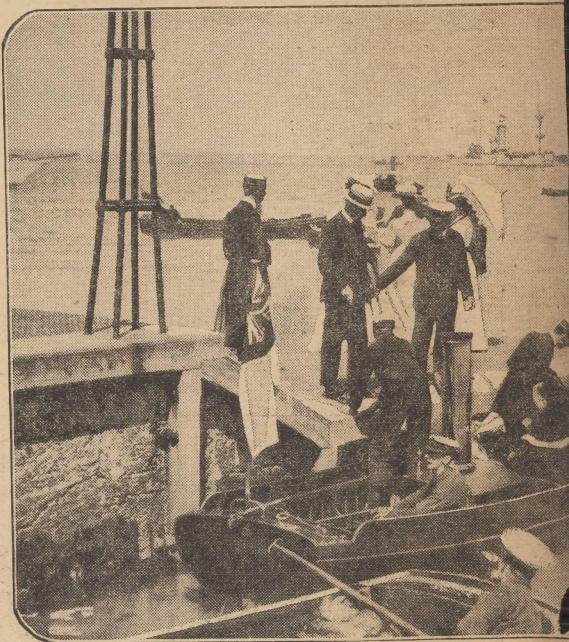


Though a few visitors from the provinces have been spending their August Bank Holiday week-end in London, the metropolis has been almost deserted during the last three days, as witness the photographs reproduced, which were taken on the Embankment and in Fleet-street.



Why London has been devoid of its inhabitants during the past week-end may be gathered from this photograph showing the Royal Sovereign taking a colossal human cargo down to Margate. Since every train and boat from London has been similarly crowded, the wonder is that anyone is left at all.

Cowes Regatta: Visit



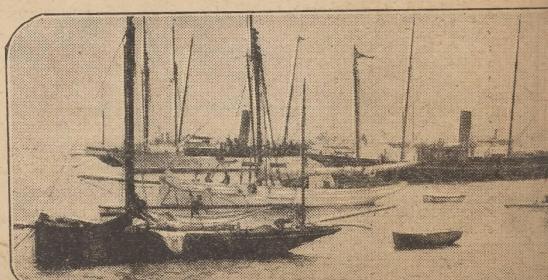
Embarking at the Royal Yacht Squadron steps at Cowes. During regatta week friends land when visiting the Club-house.



Viscountess Gort, who is giving a garden-party at East Cowes Castle to-day for the officers of the French and English Fleets.



The arrival of Vice-Admiral Gort, who is giving a garden-party at East Cowes Castle to-day for the officers of the French and English Fleets.



Fleet of yachts in Cowes roads. Cowes is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and a great fleet of pleasure-boats of all descriptions and sizes have been brought to the town for the festivities held in honour of the visit of the French officers.

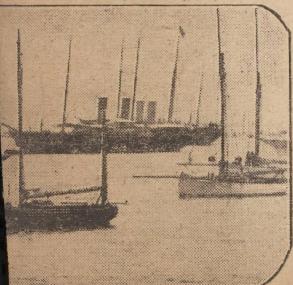
of the French Fleet.



These steps always present a busy scene, as it is here that yacht-owners and their眷属 come on shore to see friends or do shopping.



Admiral Caillard's squadron in the Solent was heralded by the invasion at Cowes fair relatives of the French officers, who were anxious to take part in the festivities. A group of these unofficial visitors appears in our photograph.



Admiral Caillard's squadron, which holds its annual regatta together to take part in the racing.



Marquis of Ormonde, who, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is admiral of the premier pleasure fleet of the world.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THESE GROUPS?



Name

Address

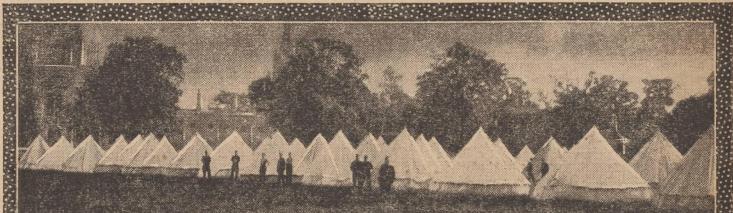


Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Broadstairs and the lower one at Whitby. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

VOLUNTEERS' BANK-HOLIDAY CAMP.



Volunteer camp at Ashridge Park, Berkhamsted, under the command of Brigadier-General Earl Brownlow. It is an ideal spot for a Volunteers' military holiday. The lower photograph shows the pitching of the tents for the camp, which had to be accomplished in a gale of wind, and was a ticklish operation.

"THE HOLIDAYS."

What They Mean to Any Number of Poor Deserted Cats.

STARVING TO DEATH.

By A CAT THAT NEARLY DID IT.

People who are really fond of their cats have them looked after when they go away, either by a neighbour, or by the cat's-meat man (who will generally take boarders), or at one of the Cats' Homes.

The pitiful results of leaving cats to look after themselves are well shown in this article.

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm!" Well, of course, it is very nice of you to say so. And perhaps you do. It sounds true enough at the moment.

When you see me lying here on the hearthrug, making such a beautiful ornament, you seem quite kind. You lift me up and rubble my soft fur backwards and forwards in exactly the comfortable way that always makes me purr. But, then—you haven't had your holidays yet!

How am I to know that you are any different from the other people who "love little pussy" just until their holidays come? Last year I lived in a nursery, where I had two little boys and their little sister for my toys. They thought I was their toy, but it seemed the other way to me.

Whenever I wanted to play—which was whenever I wasn't sleepy—I just twisted myself in and out between their feet, and they immediately came down on to the floor to be a part of my game. You see, they only wore those nice little white socks that give kittens such a good opportunity of attracting people's attention.

A HORRIBLE DAY.

Then one day—it was a horrible day! Everybody seemed mad, and it frightened me. They took things away, and they shut things up, though they knew I always like things to be exactly the same. They rushed about, too, and seemed so excited, that I hurried up to the attic and hid.

Then a private omnibus came, and two men carried things down. When the scrimmaging sounds were over I came back to the nursery. It was a place! I couldn't see a saucer anywhere.

The jug of milk wasn't anywhere either. Still, I thought nurse would put that right when they came home to tea. They—never—came—home—to-tea.

I went downstairs. The drawing-room was exactly as though it were night. I thought I would try the other room. The other room is the peacefullest of all. I generally had it to myself, and I used to go there when Eddie wanted me to play and I wanted to think. It had a nice, sleepy smell about the curtains. And the only time anyone was there except me was in the evenings, when a man used to come in and write letters.

When he slipped them down on to the floor to dry, I used to walk over them, and he used to say things. Other times he was rather nice. He used to let me stretch myself on his knees and purr, while he smoked and stroked me, and thought, all at the same time, just the "Love little Pussy" sort of way. That day, the room was like a cavern. I grew miserable.

It went on being like that. The milkman got all about coming in the morning. There was no one to have taken the milk in, if he had remembered. I grew so dreadfully hungry that I mewed all the time, but nobody cared. Once I caught a mouse. It made me feel better for a few minutes, but there isn't much on a mouse if you have been brought up to three meals a day. And I never could find a second.

LIFE IN THE STREETS.

'Af last I managed to get through one of the windows which had been left a little way open at the top of the house, and ran along the roofs. I lived in the streets for days and days, only getting scraps to eat and growing thinner and painfuler every day. The only people who paid any attention to me were those who threw stones. If they could have aimed straight I shouldn't have been alive now, but they generally missed. Still it gave me an awful feeling in my heart, and the rush to escape was agony. Agony all over, but especially in my head and my eyes and my chest, where my heart pumps.'

One day I thought I was dying. I had been chased about so, and had had nothing to eat for so long that I had forgotten how to purr, and I couldn't remember how milk tasted. So I just crawled into the corner of some steps and thought I would die.

But I hadn't quite finished dying when somebody came and the toe of a boot was poked into me. Then I heard "Poor little beggar; why, it's alive!" And a man picked me up by the back of my neck and looked at me, holding me as far away from him as he could.

I don't like that way of doing things much when I feel well, but it does not do to mind too much how people interrupt you when you are busy dying. He opened the door, stuck me inside, and I was poisonously, and carried me into a room and

called out to someone to bring some milk. I shall never forget that milk!

It took a lot more milk and a long time, but one day I found myself positively purring and rubbing my ribs against his trouser-leg—just the way I used to do to the other one. He said I could stay if I liked. I did like.

Now it has lasted nearly a whole year—this new "Love little Pussy" place. And I should have forgotten all about the other awful time except that just lately I have heard him say "Holidays" once or twice. The very word makes me feel ill.

"Holidays" is when they pack up the house until it is empty of cushions and saucers. "Holidays" is when they go off and lock the door by which the milkman hands in my daily maintenance to Mary. "Holidays" is when they forget all about "Love little Pussy."

You take it from me, "Holidays" are memories of misery to many of us poor cats.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

May I say that I fully agree with "Colonial's" letter? I have always found the ordinary side-saddle seat extremely insecure and unsatisfactory when attempting anything more than a mere trot. For jumping it is especially unsafe.

It was for this reason and at my father's suggestion that I tried riding astride and found that the latter method was infinitely preferable. The security of the seat and the control of the horse are far greater, apart from the important fact that one can ride a far greater distance without being fatigued.

It is curious that the weaker sex should have the more arduous style thrust upon them? I am afraid that the question of dress has something to do with it. Perhaps, however, the example of our Royal Family in this matter will have good effect.

HORSEWOMAN.

Guildford-street.

MARRIED 63 YEARS.

Referring to the paragraph in your paper a day or two ago as to Queen Alexandra's interest in married people who have survived ninety, an old workman of ours is living here with his wife, both of whom are over the age named.

Edward Anderson was ninety-one on December 12 last, and Jane Anderson ninety-two on May 10 last. They have been married sixty-three years, and have four children, one grandchild, and four great-grandchildren.

Edward Anderson rarely misses a day without coming into the works, and his wife was out for a walk yesterday.

RICHARD HODGSON AND SONS, LIMITED.
Beverley. Rich. Hodgson, jun., Director.

ILLNESS CAUSED BY DIRTY CISTERS.

I was not surprised when I read in your valuable little paper that a woman had been poisoned through drinking unclean cistern water. If the public would only think of the many little illnesses caused by the same thing, they would have their cistern cleaned oftener. It can be done for quite a small charge. I have mine done every three months.

In conclusion, I must say that your *Daily Mirror* is the most go-ahead paper in print, and I wish it every success.

ALFRED CLARK.
13, Skeffington-road, E.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND BAD MANNERS.

I consider "H.E.M."'s remarks upon "Board school" teaching perfectly just.

For years I helped to give dinners to about 200 School Board children, and their utter want of manners or discipline was constantly remarked.

Of course, the teachers are handicapped by not being allowed to punish the children, thanks to the morbid philanthropy of the day. But whatever is to blame, the fact remains that a change of some kind is sadly needed.

H. C. M.
Artillery-mansions, Victoria-street.

FRESH AIR FOR LITTLE LONDONERS.

In your issue of Thursday Miss Marion Eliot gives a charming and sympathetic account of Mrs. Humphry Ward's summer-school at the Passmore Edwards Settlement. Incidentally she mentions the sad little people in Red Lion-street, who, however, be very joyful on occasion, with nowhere to play and nothing to play with.

I wonder if any of your readers would like to help towards giving some of these children a fortnight in the country. We are sending 160 away in connection with the Fresh Air Mission, which does for Holborn, Clerkenwell, and St. Luke's, what the Country Holiday Fund does for the rest of London. The funds are very low this year.

(Rev.) W. H. SHARP.
St. John's Clergy House,
Red Lion-square, W.C.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

PRELURES AND SYMPHONIES, by Oliver Gerg. A book of verse which must qualify as "poetry" with a very doubtful prettiness. Herrick Mr. Austin Dobson, and some others. Robert Bridges are recalled, but the author himself is not. The story of a lost silver mine, the wronged rancher, the English girl in a riding-habit, and other essentials of a melodramatic Western tale are all here. An atmospheric givens the worn-out plot much needed freshness. John Long 6s.

ALTON OF SOMASCO, by Harold Bindloss. The story of a young Englishman's fight for fame, fortune, and love amid the scenes of the Somasco gold-mines. A lost mine, the wronged rancher, the English girl in a riding-habit, and other essentials of a melodramatic Western tale are all here. An atmospheric givens the worn-out plot much needed freshness.

John Long 6s.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after University. He is given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one fatal step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he has been saving for some time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entreated by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered later, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table dresser, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by the drunkard who appears in a house where she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. He is a Chinaman of power, owing to the fact that he has misplaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroken, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXXIV (continued).

Chester was refusing to take advantage of the loophole presented him. To have done so would have been contrary to every instinct in the man's being. He would have despised himself, had he even permitted himself to contemplate such a step. "Don't make my task harder," murmured Eve. "Perhaps in the future we shall one day pick up the broken threads of our lives. Who knows?"

"You are determined, Eve?"

"Yes."

"But I cannot look on this decision as final. I shall wait for you, Eve. My time will come again."

Eve rose quietly. The proud head was bowed.

"Frank, I have all the old faith and confidence in you. I ask you to break this news to my father. I shall try to persuade him to come abroad with me. You see?"—her lips flickered with a shadowy smile—"I am still making use of you. You will care for him in his absence. And you will discuss with him what is best for—"

She left the sentence incomplete. Chester thought of the drunkard asleep in the library, and bowed his head.

Eve reached out her hands.

"Kiss me!" she whispered.

He folded her in his arms.

"I shall wait for you, Eve," he choked out.

"My time will come again."

"Who knows? Perhaps."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Dexter was in his billiard-room playing a solitary game of billiards. Now and again a vague smile played over the colourless, unreadable face. He was contemplating a difficult stroke, computing angles with one eye closed, when his manservant ushered in Chester. Laying aside his cue he advanced with outstretched hand, a smile of greeting on his thin lips; but a look on the other's old, grey face arrested him and brought him to a standstill. The smile changed into a nervous grin that seemed to call attention to the man's false teeth.

"You dog!" said Chester, with a quiet intensity, all the more intense by reason of its quietness.

Dexter took a backward step, his teeth more fully revealed than before.

"Suppose I condescend to descend to your level,

Mr. Chester, and call you—'you thief'?"

Chester laughed somewhere in his throat. The laugh was utterly mirthless.

"It wouldn't," said Chester, with a quiet intensity, all the more intense by reason of its quietness.

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LIFEBOAT HEROES AT POPULAR SEASIDE RESORTS.



William Brown, of Torquay, is one of a family of life-saving heroes who in two generations have been responsible for saving more than seventy lives.



"Bert" Emptage, the coxswain of the Margate lifeboats. He has been connected with the lifeboat "man and boy," to use his own expression, for more than forty years.



Thomas Clarkson has been for fifty-five years one of the crew of the lifeboat at Lytham, near Blackpool. Though seventy-four years of age, he still takes his place in the boat at practice. Further details may be found on page 5.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

The mask was down. He was like a cat driven into a corner, spitting and hissing.

Chester laughed. It was almost a bark.

"Hear me out to the end. I have not finished. Hesper Mordaunt, before he died, made certain communications to a solicitor—"

"Mordaunt—dead!"

Dexter was clutching at his collar as though it choked him.

"Yes," Chester's voice was hushed now, "and before he died did all within his power to make atonement."

Then his voice became monotonous again.

"It did not enter into your calculations that

Hesper Mordaunt would confess his soul, or that someone might take it into their head to have Vincent Devenish's medicine analysed. To-day, being Sunday, and you alone possessing the key of the safe in your office, you did not anticipate your papers being subjected to scrutiny. It has taken two men six hours to cut out the lock."

Dexter was again clutching at his collar. It was crumpling with the sweat pouring from his lean features.

The game was up!

Hesper Mordaunt explained your methods on his death-bed; proof of them was found in your safe. Also one of Vincent Devenish's prescriptions, and two packets containing bromide of potassium and strichnine. Insufficient evidence, perhaps, to bring your damnable villainy home to you in a court of law, but sufficient to put you in the dock to stand your trial. But forgery and embezzlement and falsification of accounts can be proved up to the hilt.

"Put me into the dock," hissed the livid-faced man, "and I'll show you up! I'll—"

Chester barked out another laugh.

"Do! My conscience is clean. Vincent Devenish knows all—understands. I have not forfeited his good opinion. When they opened the safe I found something belonging to me—something written in moments of almost unconscious agony—an un-

finished letter. My property, Mr. Dexter, and I destroyed it. You will have precious little evidence with which to back up your story. But you are quite at liberty to show me up if you can!"

Dexter was fingering his throat; his chin, his ashen face with trembling fingers.

"Dexter, I am going from here to Scotland Yard."

The man's teeth were chattering. Chester had fixed him with his stern, relentless eyes.

"You have offended against God and man—and, most grievously of all, against a woman."

He pointed to the clock.

"You have a matter of three hours' grace."

The lean-faced man seemed to be shivering.

What was the use of three hours to him? Telegraph and telephone would be at work. They would have him before the break of dawn. Black despair looked out from his eyes. The life of a hunted man, dodging and skulking and hiding, even if he kept his freedom, was not worth it. Death were better, infinitely better, to such an existence.

His thin lips tightened as his staring eyes sought Chester's face. Was this three hours' grace granted him for a purpose?

"I have finished," said Chester sternly. "You have neither soul nor conscience, Dexter. Reckon or curse would be alike thrown away on you."

He turned on his heel, and moved away to the door, never so much as glancing behind him.

As he did so, Dexter crawled along the ledge of the billiard-table, staggered from the table to a

bureau, pulled out a drawer, and snatched from it a revolver.

With a wild, malignant laugh, he fired as Chester reached the door.

Chester threw up his hands, and fell heavily to the ground.

Then Dexter pressed the revolver to his temple, and pulled the trigger a second time.

His last act in this world.

The terrified servant who burst into the room found it tenanted by a living and a dead man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It was headed "Attempted Murder and Suicide" in most of the papers, and the public read how Rawson Dexter, long-time cashier in the employ of Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, had been found guilty of grievous malpractices, and when confronted with the facts by Frank Chester, holding a confidential position in the firm, had attempted murder, and subsequently blown out his brains. The public read with relief that Mr. Chester was not so seriously injured as was first stated, and this was corroborated by his appearance in the witness-box at the inquest two days after the tragic occurrence.

The same papers, in their social columns, attributed the postponement of Mrs. Daintree's marriage to the same lamentable occurrence. Much sympathy was expressed both for her and her father, and not long after, their departure to a watering-place in the South of France was chronicled.

But time had passed since the chronicling of these facts. Winter had come and gone, and the buds of spring were on hedgerow and tree.

Frank Chester, seated at work in Vincent Devenish's office, looked perhaps an older man. Here and there a thread of grey in his hair. He was practically controlling the business in Devenish's absence, for father and daughter were still abroad. Cecil Daintree, pensioned and living the life of a sot, was drinking himself to death, but slowly.

(Continued on page 12.)

By the Authors of
"A Man in a Million."
A New Serial Story

(By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken)

Starts on
THURSDAY NEXT.

FACTS ABOUT YOUR SKIN

Glance at the looking-glass, and you will notice that the pores on your nose are larger than those on any other part of the face. Being larger, they clog easier, and you are thus able to see what is taking place all over the face and body; but it must be remembered that what you see on your nose is going on in every other part of the body where you cannot see it. The pores are always getting stopped up, impurities form, the skin becomes unhealthy, is often rendered unsightly, and great discomfort may be caused.

"I must get rid of this." Is this so in your case? If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any skin trouble in any other part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief and make your skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation immediately, removes all skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

The one point you should remember above all others is that many, if not all, of the most severe forms of skin trouble might have been avoided with but a small amount of trouble if they had been tackled when they first showed themselves. Everyone knows the danger of a neglected cold, and the danger of a neglected skin trouble is as great. Is it not foolish, therefore, to neglect the first signs of trouble and so risk real misery, and even unsightliness, in the future?

HOW SKIN TROUBLES ARISE

No single explanation will cover all varieties of skin ailments. Some are due to constitutional causes; there may be an excess or a deficiency of oil secreted by the oil-glands, of which the pores are the openings, or the blood may be impure, the skin may have been attacked by microbes or microscopic fungi, or it may have been affected in many other ways. Many skin troubles arise from people using unsuitable soap, which fails to thoroughly cleanse the pores as well as take the dirt off the surface. Then, again, many persons, especially children, suffer severely as a result of their under-clothing having been washed with an excess of soda, which has not afterwards been properly removed from the fabric. Obviously, if the skin is tender and sensitive, irritation and soreness will be caused by this.

FACTS ABOUT "ANTEXEMA"

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettle rash; but it is just as useful for burns, blisters, insect bites, and skin irritation due to acid perspiration; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin help and cleanser that medical science has produced. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable, because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

TRY AN EXPERIMENT

You must admit that all we have said is reasonable, and the evidence we have quoted is conclusive and convincing. You still, however, hang back from trying "Antexema," and we think we know the reason. You have already probably tried other so-called remedies, and have been badly disappointed by them, utter failures, and are, therefore, afraid.

"Antexema" will prove the same. If this has been your experience we quite understand your hesitation, but do not let

your prejudice keep you from obtaining relief. Many others have suffered as you are suffering, and have felt just as you feel as to the impossibility of gaining relief, but they practically tested the truth of our statements, and the result was so convincing that they have written glowing letters of grateful thanks for what "Antexema" has done for them. We have thousands of such letters.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD OFFER

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or may be obtained direct post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 9d. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," is full of information from end to end about the cause, nature, and cure of skin complaints, and the way to keep cured afterwards, and will be forwarded post free to our readers, together with free trial of "Antexema" and 200 testimonials from persons cured, if the *Daily Mirror* is mentioned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Address your letter to "Antexema," 69, Castle road, London, N.W., and write at once.



ST. IVEL CHEESE DISH



To be Given Away

TO REGULAR BUYERS OF ST. IVEL CHEESE AND ST. IVEL VEAL AND HAM PIES,

5,000
St. IVEL CHEESE DISHES

Made of white unglazed china; perfect works of art; designed exclusively for St. Ivel Cheese at a cost of nearly 9/- each.
The make is limited, so they will in time become more valuable.

SEND US 24 OF THE COUPONS, one of which is given with each St. Ivel Cheese, and each St. Ivel Veal and Ham Pie, and we will send you a dish free and carriage paid.

N.B.—This offer only holds good until the last of the 5,000 is allotted.

APLIN & BARRETT, Ltd., YEOVIL.
Buy now of a Grocer:—
St. IVEL CHEESE, 6d. and 4d. each.
St. IVEL VEAL & HAM PIES, 1/-, 2/-, 3/- each.
A COUPON WITH EACH CHEESE OR PIE.

A Good Appetite

comes only by having a perfect acting liver and good digestion—both can easily be obtained by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are a reliable remedy for the cure of
BILIOUSNESS, LASSITUDE, POOR APPETITE,
IMPAIRED DIGESTION, COSTIVENESS,
WIND and PAINS in the STOMACH, DISCOMFORT AFTER MEALS,
and all other troubles which arise from a disordered liver or stomach.
They cleanse the system, give tone to the digestive organs, and will, if taken according to directions, restore you to sound and vigorous health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are specially suitable for Females of all ages.
Every woman who values health should read the Instructions wrapped round each box.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).



9ct. GOLD CURB BRACELET

Complete with 9ct. Hall-marked Padlock.
Very fashionable design,
Send 2/6 with Order.

Ring set with Diamond, 2 Rubies, same terms.

MASTERS, Ltd., 75, Hope Stores, Rye, Sussex. 30/- Ring

L & P FURNISHING COMPANY.

Gigantic enlargement and redecoration of premises.
Handsome Showrooms in Tottenham Court Road.

THE USUAL TERMS.	
£5 worth	4 00 per month.
£8 "	6 00 "
£20 "	11 00 "
£30 "	17 00 "
£40 "	1 5 00 "
£50 "	2 5 00 "
£100 "	5 0 00 "

If not suitable, we arrange them for your convenience.

NO DEPOSIT—NO INTEREST CHARGES

Artistic Catalogues
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OR
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Empire Chair, in 4 shapes, upholstered in Art and Silk Tap. or Volantes. Wonderful bargain, 21/- Only sold by us. Sent on approval; money willingly refunded if not approved.



Very handsome Dining-Room Suite, upholstered in Leather Cloth, equal in wear and appearance to real leather. In any hard wood, hand polished. Prices within reach of the smallest purse. Great sacrifice. 250 sets, credit £4, monthly.

LONDON & PROVINCIAL FURNISHING CO.,
248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W., OXFORD-
ST. END.

"DAILY MAIL."

£5 Notes

GIVEN
AWAY
To-day

At BLACKPOOL
AND
NEW BRIGHTON

TO

"Answers"
CARRIERS.

All you have to do is to carry "Answers" in your hand. Mr. Answers will hand the £5 note in each town to the first person he meets so carrying

"Answers"

YACHTING SUITS FOR COWES REGATTA—TOILET TABLE COSMETICS.



BEAUTY AT THE SEASIDE.

SEVERAL LITTLE ILLS AND MANY REMEDIES.

At her next visit to Mrs. Tempier, Julia asked a question about indigestion.

"A most important subject," observed her hostess, "and one that should certainly be studied in its relation to beauty. I am afraid that most girls think the topic of digestion a most uninteresting and prosaic one, but I shall never weary of repeating that without a perfect digestion no woman can be in a sound state of health, and as true beauty is dependent upon health, too much importance cannot be attached to this question."

"Well," proceeded Julia, "Lettice Meredith says she has been suffering from indigestion and has been advised to take sarsaparilla tonic. She has asked me if I could find out how this can be made at home."

"Sarsaparilla is one of the best possible stimulants for the liver and is easily made," replied Mrs. Tempier. "Take four of the best Jamaica sarsaparilla and the rinds of two lemons. Boil this in a pint of water for half an hour, strain and add sufficient water to make when cold a pint. Then dissolve 1oz. of Glauber salts in a teacupful of boiling water, and add it to the sarsaparilla decoction. A tablespoonful taken three times a day is an excellent tonic."

"Lettice says she always feels much worse when she has been at the seaside," observed Julia. "I can't imagine why people go to the sea if it doesn't agree with them."

"If she took this tonic during her visit it is

probable that she would feel quite well," said Mrs. Tempier. "Sea air and a change of diet often upset the digestive system, but the benefits of the fresh air are almost always felt on the return home."

At this moment Belinda interposed.

"What about bathing as it affects the complexion?" she asked. "One of my friends says that it always ruins her skin and brings out freckles."

Mrs. Tempier laughed. "If your friend is afraid of freckles I should advise her not to bathe," she remarked. "She can, however, anoint her face

any irritation that is likely to arise from the effects of the salt water."

"How long should one stay in the water?" asked Julia. "Two of my friends last summer were both seriously ill after bathing, and yet they only stayed in for half an hour."

"Much too long for the average woman," said Mrs. Tempier promptly. "I have known of several cases of illness caused through staying more than fifteen minutes in the water. As a rule the illness begins by a severe chill to the liver, and this may lead to disastrous results. I strongly advise any woman who is not very robust to limit herself to a quarter of an hour in the water."

Julia consulted her letter again.

"Lettice seems to suffer from a multitude of ills

any irritation that is likely to arise from the effects of the salt water."

LOW VITALITY.

ENFEEBLED, NERVELESS MEN GAIN VIGOUR FROM DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

MEN who drift into a state of low vitality are easy prey to serious diseases. To regain energy and nerve for work they need the rich new blood supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

We quote the words of Mr. H. D. Lloyd, of Foelbach Farm, near Corwen, North Wales: "Many months ago I became very weak and ill, after feeling run down." For a long time I had to give up work. I had terrible pains in the stomach and sometimes vomited blood. Doctors said I was suffering from gastritis or diarrhoea, but though I consulted three, my state of health was most serious. I touched scarcely any food, for my stomach was too weak to digest it, and attempted to eat were followed by intense pain.

My face became haggard and I lost weight, while my weakness increased. Not until August last did I find a real and permanent cure. Then I read of a case like mine cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I gave the pills a trial. After two boxes of the pills I felt better in every way. I continued them and my strength returned. I could digest food and enjoy it. More than that, I was able to resume work. I should add that my sister was cured of rheumatism by this wonderful medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

For men whose vitality is low, and women languishing from anaemia, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unrivaled. They make rich red blood and fortify the nerves. They have cured also Indigestion, Bile, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, ladies' ailments. Of dealers, or Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn-viaduct, London, for 2s. 9d. a box; six for 13s. 9d.

Sir Erasmus Wilson & Pasma

No better guarantee of excellence in Toilet Powder can be given than the commendation of such a great skin specialist as the late Sir Erasmus Wilson. That is the housewife's Toilet Powder. It is an indispensable accession on the modern dressing-table, and is a perfect preparation for nursing purposes. For tender, irritable skin it is delightfully soothing and antiseptic. It is a sure preventive of insect bites. Supplied by chemists and druggists, retail or unsealed, at 1s., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d., or direct post free. A free trial sample will be forwarded post free on receipt of postcard sent to CURTIS & CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists, 48, Baker Street, London, W., mentioning this paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD

PREPARED AS DIRECTED IS EXACTLY LIKE BREAST MILK.

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Refined Beef Suet for Frying, Cooking, and Pastries Prepared solely from the

BEST BRITISH SUET

1-lb. equals 2-lb. Raw Suet.
Sold by Grocers and Dealers 9d. per lb. box.
HUGON & CO., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE

Does the hair a beautiful Brown, or Black, by merely combing it
Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles, through
MAIL BOX 7d. HAIR DYE
Mailed free from observation.
2/- the Case.
HINDES (WAVERS), Ltd., 2, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.

6

pages—The London Evening News, which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

Chester, quitting his work for a while, looked out from the window on the busy traffic of the street below.

Memories thronged through his brain thick and fast. Once the picture of an orchard, at another time the river by twilight fashioned itself on the mental screen.

Tom Mayfield was on his feet again, in every sense of the word, and was going forward. The Fernery was flourishing amazingly. Occasionally Chester would visit the shop and would talk with Queenie as a friend to a friend—she had developed into rather a grave-faced little woman—but these visits were not frequent. He held himself sacredly bound to Eve.

He was thinking of her now. Since she had quitted London he had not seen her, though letters passed frequently between them, letters containing but few references to the past, yet full of a perfect understanding.

He drew her last letter from his pocket and read it. Devenish's health seemed to be improving; but he was an old man now, aged by shock and trouble as well as years. He seemed content to wander about the Continent with Eve, and with the knowledge that the business was recovering and growing strong in Chester's hands.

"We are still at Villeneuve," ran a portion of Eve's letter. "I am at present a prisoner in my

room. I managed to take a slight chill when we motored over here. It is nothing serious, and I hope to be out again in a few days. My rooms are charming, and I have a most glorious view of the Mediterranean from my windows. I appreciate your long letters immensely. I am afraid my little souvenirs are sadly lacking in interest."

The letter was written in pencil.

As Chester noticed, as he had already noticed, a tendency of the lines to run downwards across the page. He wondered if Eve were making light of this slight chill.

He drew a hand restlessly across his forehead, and, returning to his place at the table, took up his pen and wrote to her.

He had covered a couple of pages when the commissioner entered with a telegram. Telegrams were everlasting, pouring into the office, yet the sight of the familiar buff-coloured envelope stirred Chester's heart uneasily.

He tore it open quickly and read the laconic message.

"Eve seriously ill. Come at once.—Devenish."

Chester rose dazedly from the table. The vague misgivings haunting him had been confirmed.

"Wait!" he said to the commissioner, and then, with an unsteady hand, wrote, "Coming in reply."

* * * * *

"Eve, Eve, why didn't you write to me and tell me you were ill—send for me sooner?"

The man's voice was hoarse with grief.

"Because I did not realise," was the quiet answer.

Chester raised his bowed head, striving to master his emotions.

"But you have now, Frank. I am so, so glad you have come—have come so quickly. I was almost afraid—"

"Don't talk like that, Eve!"

He gathered her to him passionately.

"You are going to get well—to get strong."

He scanned the white, beautiful face as she lay back in his arms restfully.

"You are going to get well—to get strong, Eve."

She laughed softly, an echo of the old low-noted laugh that she had so stirred his pulses. But now changed she was. There was a transparency about the white features that suffering seemed to have etherealised with a beauty of its own.

"You will get well, Eve, and you will alter that last decision of yours. You will marry me. It has been a mistake, this long separation. For my sake, Eve, for my sake!"

He was pleading passionately now; but the woman only shook her head wistfully.

"But it is good to have you with me," she whispered, seeming a little inconsequently. "I am a little tired. I want you to talk—to tell me all about yourself, the business, your friends. I am so proud of you."

The old light kindled for a moment in the wonderful eyes. She smiled up at him inspiringly. Her glance brought back so much to memory.

He tried to obey her bidding, but the words came haltingly. He scarcely knew of what he spoke.

(To be continued.)

RAIN SPOILS HOLIDAY CRICKET.

Champions' Winning Position
Fine Bowling by Brearley.

LEES'S 150 WICKETS.

Yesterday, being Bank Holiday, was, of course, wet in many places. Luckily, however, a good deal of cricket was played, and good progress made in most of the matches.

The recent rain had affected all the wickets, and on the whole the bowlers were the masters of the situation. The sides to do best were Kent and Sussex.

Kent batted conservatively, and well throughout, and then put a side to command such respect. With their easily bowled and strengthened batting they might easily defeat any county side in England; and, unless Yorkshire are badly beaten, cause Lancashire to lose their title of champion county.

As was only just and right at the Canterbury Festival, Kent won the Division. Did they gain thereby a great victory? Not so. They have lost a few wickets, and finally they present a side to command such respect. With their easily bowled and strengthened batting they might easily defeat any county side in England; and, unless Yorkshire are badly beaten, cause Lancashire to lose their title of champion county.

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Walter Lees, who regained on Saturday the lead in the race for "most wickets in the year," which had been wrested from him momentarily by W. Brearley, had a fine performance at the Oval. He obtained eight wickets for 45 runs, and bowled throughout the innings.

This further proof of his remarkable bowling ability is likely to secure him a place at the Oval on Monday—a place which will be grudgingly given by no first-class player of the day.

Yorkshire fared lady-like against Lancashire at Sheffield, and all the rest of the day's play were in a poor position. E. S. Jackson alone could do anything with Brearley, who bowled extremely well, as his figures seven for 35 indicate.

Brearley has taken 148 wickets in first-class cricket this season, but he is still two behind Lees, who claims 150 victims. Brearley must be practically a certainty for the final Test; perhaps he and Lees will open for England.

Lancashire batted in quite a different style to that shown by Yorkshire, and at the close of play were still ahead of their opponents. The champions look quite safe, as, if they win this match, not even an earthquake can shake their position.

South Wales knocked up 133 against the Australians, a really good performance. Howland got five for 59, a performance which he is capable of repeating against stronger sides.

CHAMPIONS MEET YORKSHIRE.

YORKSHIRE.

Rothery, d. Brearley ... 3 E. Smith, c Kermode, b Tunnicliffe, c MacLaren ... 0
Denton, d. Brearley ... 10 Brearley, b Howland ... 0
Denton, d. Brearley ... 17 Brearley, b Howland ... 6
Howl, F. S. Jackson ... 10 Myers, c Garnett, b Cook ... 0
Hirst, b Cook ... 30 Hunter, not out ... 3
Rhodes, c Garnett, b Extras ... 3
Engross, d. Brearley ... 0 Total ... 75

LANCASHIRE.

Hunter, b Rhodes ... 51 Rhodes, b ... 19
Hunter, b Rhodes ... 42 Hallows, not out ... 0
Tyldesley, b Rhodes ... 10 Extras ... 0
Sharp, b Jackson ... 7 Cook, Tunnicliffe, b ... 0
L.D. St. Poidle, c ... 1 Extras ... 3
Denton, b Haigh ... 1 Total (for 8 wktas) 153

LEICESTER COLLAPSE.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

First Innings. Second Innings.

C. J. H. Wood, bow, b Simpson ... 15 Hawkins, b Thompson ... 17
King, c Simpson ... b ... 10 ...
Thompson, b ... 10 ...
Knight, b Thompson ... 1 ... 10 ...
James, b Simpson ... 9 ...
Witcherley, b Thompson ... 9 not out ...
W. W. Odell, b Thompson ... 2 b Thompson ...
Coe, b. W. B. Simpson ... 9 Horton, b Thompson ... 20
Gill, b Thompson ... 0 ... 0 ...
Allison, b Thompson ... 0 ... 0 ...
C. E. De Trafford, not out ... 27 Driffield, b Simpson ... 17
Whiteside, b ... 2 ...
Simpson ... 2 ...
Extras ... 3 ...
Total ... 100 Total ... 85

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

G. J. T. Pool, b Odell ... 18 L. P. Bradfield, bow, b Thompson, b Odell ... 18 Odell ... 9
E. M. Gross, b Odell ... 9 H. Hawkins, c and b ...
T. Horatio, b Jayes ... 15 B. C. Smith, not out ... 31
Hawtin, b Jayes ... 19 Extras ... 19
H. B. Simpson, b Odell ... 2 Total ... 119

AUSTRALIANS.

VISIT WALES.

SOUTH WALES.

Russell, b Howell ... 1 W. H. Brain, c Duff, b ...
Sivik, b Howell ... 10 Creber, rot out ... 1 ...
Bancroft, c McLeod, b ... 25 Newland, b ...
Howell ... 25 Howell, b ... 1 ...
E. S. Jackson, b Howell ... 14 Sleepies, b Armstrong ... 8
Diver, b Hopkins, b Armstrong ... 29 Extras ... 14
J. F. Howell, b ... 3 Total ... 132

AUSTRALIANS.

R. A. Duff, c J. H. Brain, b Steeles ... 28 W. A. Nohla, b Russell ... 3
R. A. Gehrs, st. W. H. ... 34 W. W. Armstrong, not out ... 0
G. Hill, b Diver ... 16 A. J. Hopkins, not out ... 34
Sleepies ... 9 Extras ... 8 Total (for 4 wktas) 106

WET DAY AT TAUNTON.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

P. R. Johnson, b Trotter ... 41 W. Lee, not out ... 16
Brandt, not out ... 23 Extras ... 1 ...
Robert, c J. Douglas, b ... 13 Total (for 3 wktas) 56

H. Martyn, b Trotter ... 16 Extras ... 0 ...
S. M. J. Woods, F. M. Lee, Hardy, E. Brown, A. E. Newland, b ... 1 ...
Middlesex: R. N. Douglas, J. D. Douglas, G. W. Boldam, L. Wells, C. M. Wells, B. J. T. Bosanquet, W. S. Bird, Tarrant, Trott, Hearst, and Mignon.

WET DAY AT TAUNTON.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

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Brandt, not out ... 23 Extras ... 1 ...
Robert, c J. Douglas, b ... 13 Total (for 3 wktas) 56

H. Martyn, b Trotter ... 16 Extras ... 0 ...
S. M. J. Woods, F. M. Lee, Hardy, E. Brown, A. E. Newland, b ... 1 ...
Middlesex: R. N. Douglas, J. D. Douglas, G. W. Boldam, L. Wells, C. M. Wells, B. J. T. Bosanquet, W. S. Bird, Tarrant, Trott, Hearst, and Mignon.

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL BEGINS.

KENT.

E. W. Dillon, o and b ... 51	J. B. Mason, c Fane, b Buckenham, b ... 35
Douglas, b ... 6	Heaver, b Baker, b Reeves ... 68
Buckenham, b ... 6	Fairservice, c Douglas, b ... 3
Seymour, c Tremlin, b ... 36	Huckles, b ... 3
S. H. Day, c Tremlin, b ... 21	Douglas, not out ... 0
Douglas, b ... 12	Blythe, not out ... 17
C. H. B. Marsham, b ... 0	Extras ... 12
Douglas, b ... 0	Total ... 246

ESSEX.

F. L. Fane, c Mason, b ... 4	J. C. McGaher, c Mason, b ... 2
Blythe, not out ... 4	Blythe, not out ... 2
Glover, c Marsham, b ... 43	Roy, H. G. Gillingham, b ... 0
Miles, b ... 1	Extras ... 3
P. Ferrin, c Marsham, b ... 20	Heaver, b ... 15
Hearst, not out ... 18	Total (for 4 wktas) 98

J. W. H. Douglas, G. Tosetti, Russell (E.), Buckenham, and Tremlin to bat.

HOLIDAY CROWD AT THE OVAL.

NOTTS.

A. O. Jones, c Strudwick, b ... 2	R. E. Hemingway, b ... 2
b Lees ... 17	Lees, b ... 17
Hayward, c Hayward, b ... 17	Pennington, b ... 10
Lees, not out ... 34	Oates, b ... 10
Gunn, b ... 10	Balaam, c Hayes, b ... 12
b Lees ... 15	Extras ... 15
Hardstaff, c Holland, b ... 7	Total ... 112
Day, run out ... 27	

SURREY.

Hayward, c Fenn, b ... 35	Douglas, b ... 0
Hobbs, c Hardstaff, b ... 17	Lord Dateman, b ... 10
Gunn, b ... 10	Lees, not out ... 10
Hayes, b ... 10	Strudwick, not out ... 4
J. N. Crawford, st. Oates ... 4	Extras ... 4
b J. Gunn ... 12	Total (for 8 wktas) 167

CENTURY BY REFL.

SUSSEX.

Vine, c Barnett, b Den ... net ... 13 Cox, b Den ... 41

C. L. A. Smith, b Den ... 11 Denner, b ... 10

Mr. G. Goldie, c Board, b ... 5 W. Newham, c Langdon, b ... 6

G. B. Bignell, c Ashcroft, b ... 24 Butcher, not out ... 6

Leach, b Huggins ... 6 Extras ... 6

Seymour, b Huggins ... 4 Total ... 238

GLoucestershire.

E. Barnett, c Goldie, b Den ... 13 W. S. A. Brown, b Cox ... 6

Wright, c Vine, b Cox ... 11 Langdon, not out ... 6

G. H. Newell, not out ... 21 Extras ... 7

Townsend, b ... 7 Total (for 4 wktas) 51

Townsend, G. L. Jessop, L. D. Brownlee, Dennett, and Huggins to bat.

HAMPSHIRE IN FORM.

HAMPSHIRE.

Rev. W. V. Jephson, c ... 10 ...
Dillon, b ... 22 ...
Bowl, b ... 23 ...
Gill, b ... 24 ...
Hobson, b ... 25 ...
Lees, b ... 26 ...
Mason, b ... 27 ...
Nash, b ... 28 ...
Newman, b ... 29 ...
Prestwich, b ... 30 ...
Ridder, b ... 31 ...
Simpson, b ... 32 ...
Smythe, b ... 33 ...
Trotter, b ... 34 ...
Wright, c ... 35 ...
Total ... 250

DERBYSHIRE.

L. G. Wright, not out ... 22; A. E. Lawson, c Sprott, b Ed ... 13; Morton, b Norbury, 2; total (for 2 wktas) 37.

Cadman, O. A. Oliviero, E. M. Ashcroft, Warren, F. C., Hunter, G. O. Walkden, Humphries, and ... notwith to bat.

NO PLAY AT BIRMINGHAM.

Owing to persistent rain, there was no play in the match between Warwick and Worcester at Birmingham.

RIPON RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—BONDGATE HANDICAP PLATE OF 100 SOVS. Five furlooms.

Mr. T. H. Jenkins' SPRING SEAT, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Anderson 1

Mr. M. S. Waudby's QUIETNESS, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Flanagan 1

Mr. T. Hall's CLARETTA, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb ... Crombie 2

Mr. G. T. Pool's COCKTAIL, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Cockeram 2

Mr. A. Farmer's SPARKLING, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Thackray 2

Mr. G. B. Bignell's MARBLE COAT, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Isabelle 2

Mr. J. F. Howell's CHARMER, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Blythe 2

Mr. G. B. Bignell's GREEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE OF 100 SOVS.

sova. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. N. H. Best's FRIEND, 9st 5lb ... Anderson 1

Mr. M. S. Waudby's QUIETNESS, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Flanagan 1

Mr. T. Hall's CLARETTA, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb ... Crombie 2

Mr. G. T. Pool's COCKTAIL, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Cockeram 2

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Mr. G. B. Bignell's GREEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE OF 100 SOVS.

sova. Five furlongs, straight.

Mr. G. Edwards' RIFLEPIPE, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb ... Flanagan 2

Mr. E. Clayton's HIGH HAVENS, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Cockeram 2

Mr. W. P. Howell's GRIMES, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Crombie 2

Also ran: Mata Macata (Vivian), Dispute (Pike), Monocacy

(Pike), and ... (Pike).

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 6 to 5 on Rifflepipe,

6 to 5 on Mata Macata (Vivian),

6 to 5 on High Havens, 5 to 2 on Grimmes, 5 to 1 on

Crombie (Pike), and ... (Pike).

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6 to 5 on High Havens, 5 to 2 on Grimmes, 5

HENFIELD	PLATE	(handicap), of 150 sovs. One mile.
Portcullis	77 st lb	Cross Park
Campion	4 9 1	Dissipation
Capot	5 5 0	Languor
Parrot	5 5 0	Crabby
Wedding Day	4 8 0	Vixen f.
Wild Despair	4 8 0	Saints
Witch	4 8 0	Endeared
Captain Potts	3 7 13	Alice W.
Puck	4 7 13	
Get to Work	4 7 12	

OVINGDEAN	PLATE	of 103 sovs., for two-year-olds T.Y.C. (handicap) five furlongs.
Norris	9 10	Battle Ground
Galaxy	9 10	Madame
Gallant and Gay	8 9	Diiorite
Hammy Stubber	8 9	Lucky Coin
Rabbit Hole	8 9	Naughty
Farlsden	8 9	Blueberry
Brambley	8 9	Fioradora f.
Koord Kini	8 9	Daria Noor

KORPORATION	PLATE	of 300 sovs., for two-year-olds T.Y.C. (handicap) five furlongs.
Nell H.	9 10	Manifest
Princess H.	9 10	Monk
Carolina f.	8 11	Tactic f.
Gallant and Gay	8 11	Queen's Darling
Irish Don	8 11	Only
Dante	8 9	Embellished
Bonner	8 9	Misted Bird
Reptile	8 9	Lady f.
Hirondelle c.	8 9	L'Exception f.
Chamomile	8 9	Admiral
Punch	8 9	Victoria May f.
Zoë	8 9	Gimp f.
Espresso	8 9	Emancipation f.
Tasپیکا	8 6	Asia
Catnap	8 6	
Golden Bride	8 6	

BIRMINGHAM.

2.0.—DROITWICH	SELLING	PLATE of 106 sovs. Five furlongs, straight.
Extravagance	4 9 5	Storm Song
Kalmia	4 9 5	Aurum Lily m.
admiral P.	4 9 5	Pretty Florrie
Sweet Moireen	4 9 2	Wolsingham
Annamallich	3 8 11	Lobster
Rocky	4 8 6	Lady Geof.
Glenbrook	4 8 6	aGolden Gorse
Araizina	4 8 6	
Firebrand g.	4 8 6	

2.30.—CROFT	JUVENILE	PLATE of 106 sovs. One furlong, straight.
Templar	77 st lb	St. Wulfram
Fighting Cock	8 12	Ballaclare
Villa	8 12	Elfin
Lamb and Flag	8 12	Gritten
Muscar	8 12	Flo Barnby
Macrame	8 12	Cliodna
Dungaree	8 12	Latoira
Cradle Song f.	8 9	Boat of Broads
Lady in Green II. g	8 9	Duchess of Kendal f.
Mosses	8 9	Paradoxa g.
Marie Jeanne	8 9	Lulu
Caputula	8 9	Sister Mary f.

3.0.—CHESTELL	PLATE	(handicap) of 200 sovs. One mile and a half.
Templar	77 st lb	St. Wulfram
Wet Paint	6 8 11	Elfin
Orbel	8 8 11	Gritten
Hibiscus S.	8 8 11	True as Steel
Ar acidic	3 8 13	Pursuit
aDobuntane	6 7 15	Glenhurst

3.50.—SELLING	HANDICAP	PLATE of 106 sovs. One Straight Mile.
Shlumberger	5 9 10	Galera Lass
Bauanilla	5 8 10	Alpine Lass
Mother Siegel E.	3 8 10	True as Steel
Bicarbonate	3 8 9	Pursuit
Lola	3 8 9	Black Mingo
aGeneral Utility	3 8 3	Golly

4.0.—GOPSALL	PLATE	(handicap) of 108 sovs. Six furlongs, straight.
Chloric	77 st lb	Brilliance
Schnapps	5 8 10	Wanken Phast
Barat	5 8 10	Borghese
Bottle Road	5 8 10	Softie Foss
Cherry Asnes	4 8 7	Chastity
Van Vogt	3 8 0	aA.R.A.
Marsuna	3 8 0	Mother Siegel g.

4.50.—SHIFNAL	PLATE	of 104 sovs., second 10 sovs., one mile on the Round Course.
Aitken	77 st lb	St. Wulfram
G. Gordon	5 8 10	Wanken Phast
Kigles	5 8 10	Borghese
Parson	5 8 10	Softie Foss
Midship	3 8 10	Chastity
Honours	4 8 7	aTrasteme
Schindler	4 8 7	Kathy
The Cingals	4 8 7	Kathy Chief
Priemian	4 8 4	Fore g.
Tynestfield	8 0	

RIPON.

INNKEEPERS	SELLING	HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile.
STUDLEY JUVENILE	SURVIVAL	PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs, straight.
CLARO MAIDEN	TWO-YEAR-OLD	PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs, straight.

aViking King	st lb	Diodin f.
Wycliffe	8 12	aMrs. Eve f.
Purple Empero	8 12	Entente Cordiale
Caroline	8 12	Caroline
Latchkey c	8 12	Carnation f.
Boy King	8 12	Alarum
Ardent's Pride	8 12	Xays
Port Edison	8 9	Paradise
Carlwie	8 9	Bower Bird
Periphery	8 9	aPhonograph
Levay Lady	8 9	Gospert f.

NEWBY	PLATE	of 100 sovs. for maidens. One mile and a half.
St. Marco	77 st lb	aRifield
Sartoria	4 8 10	Parish Councillor
San Martino	3 8 4	Petition
Snarkster	3 8 4	Love Apple

GRAND STAND	HANDICAP	PLATE of 100 sovs. Six furlongs, straight.
Don Pase	77 st lb	O'Donnell
Let	5 8 10	Aquamarine
Lovewell	4 8 11	Rehawood
Bramley Jolly C.	3 8 2	Pimpernel
Clarity Well	3 8 2	Troy
Spring Seat	3 8 4	Keystones
Frog Leggy	3 8 4	Long Celi
Be Careful	3 8 4	Flaming Pin
Amusement	4 8 1	Blonde

RIPON CITY	HANDICAP	PLATE of 130 sovs. One mile and a quarter.
Bonny Rosita	6 6 9 0	Killingdown
Ardelle	3 8 4	Lord Johnstone
Trasteme	3 8 4	Sorceress
Thor	4 8 3	Corrierie
Bordland	4 8 3	Open Window
Athos	4 8 11	Firdale
Mark Wood	3 7 10	Vocalist
Hock East	4 7 13	Ramulines
Swannington	6 7 3	

FATAL PHOTOGRAPH.

Intrigue Revealed by Portrait in a Dead Man's Pocket.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Monday.—All Buda 'Pest' is now lamenting over the dramatic death of Mlle. Antoinette Kirchner, the famous actress and Hungarian beauty, who has died by her own hand after making an heroic effort to clear the memory of her dead lover.

Herr Hugo Blanckenheim was for many years a wealthy and much-respected merchant prince of the Hungarian capital. Happily married and with charming children, he was envied by all, and regarded as a model husband and model father.

Last Friday, when cycling through the village of Zirndorf, he was overcome with faintness, but, refusing all assistance, he remounted his machine and rode away.

On the following morning peasants on their way to work discovered Herr Blanckenheim lying dead in the grass by the roadside.

INCriminating PHOTOGRAPH.

Hurriedly they fetched a policeman, and the photogravure's body was carried to the cottage of a peasant hard by. In the dead man's pocket-book was found the photograph of a very beautiful girl, inscribed with the words "With love from Netta." This picture, with the rest of the dead man's belongings, was subsequently handed over to his family.

Horrified, the widow recognised the features of the girl in the photograph as those of Antoinette Kirchner. A terrible presentiment seized upon her, and impulsively ordering her carriage she drove at once to the actress's flat.

A dramatic interview followed. Forewarned by the newspaper reports, the actress had half expected this visit. Although deeply moved, she strangled her emotions, and with cold hauteur, and without flinching, disclaimed all knowledge of the accusing photograph. The widow, convinced by her apparent indifference, returned home comparatively happy.

But her contentment was short-lived, for within a few hours newsboys were running through the streets announcing the "terrible suicide by poison of Mlle. Antoinette Kirchner."

NIGHTMARE ISLAND.

Prison Doctor's Denunciation of the Horrors of Saghalien.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A sensation has been caused by the suppression of the Liberal newspaper "Listok," and the arrest of its editor, M. Samoiloff. M. Samoiloff had the temerity to publish a letter written by Dr. Bulkoff, the well-known authority on Russian prisons and convict settlements.

The doctor, writing from Berlin, suggested that it was not altogether a calamity that Russia should lose "that horrible nightmare island, Saghalien."

"Saghalien," said the letter, "is a standing menace to morality in the Tsar's dominions. For years past the local authorities have encouraged infanticide among the convicts, and it is universally known that unions, not sanctified by the Church, take place on the arrival of every fresh batch of criminals.

"The men and women are drawn up in lines, and the former are ordered to pick out the partners which please them most. It is useless for the female convict to protest.

"Under these abominable conditions many hundreds of children are born annually, but not one in twenty is allowed to survive. Sometimes a murderer keeps his first child. But the practice known as accidental overlaying is favoured by the prison authorities."

"No fewer than eighteen infants were thus done away with in the settlements of Alexandrovsk and Korsakovsk during my seven days' visit to the island last summer. In every case this slaughter of the innocents was entered by the authorities as 'accident.'

SHEEN LODGE FOR SALE.

Idyllic Home of the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The news that Sheen Lodge, for so long the home of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, is in the market brings to mind their romantic marriage and idyllic life in this lovely spot.

Sheen Lodge is really little more than a cottage. It is within a mile of Mortlake, and looks out on Richmond Park.

There the Duchess is her own housekeeper, superintends the nursery in person, and lives a thoroughly domestic life.

The Duchess herself is shy in society, and at Sheen there is very little entertaining.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

TWO WEEKS at - - - FREE
SEASIDE or COUNTRY - - -
YOU TAKE THE HOLIDAY - - -
WE PAY THE BILL !

A UNIQUE OFFER.

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